

FAIRE-VIRTUE,
THE
MISTRESSE
OF
PHILARETE.

Written by George Wither.

Catul. Carm. xv.

nihil veremur

*Istos, qui in platea, modo huc, modo illuc
In re pretereunt sua occupati.*

LONDON,
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CIO. 15C. XXII.

THE
MISTRESS
OF
FALWATER

Written by George Eliot

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THE STATIONER
TO THE READER.



His, being one of the *Authours* first *Poems*, was composed many yeares agoe; and vnknown to him, gotten out of his custodie by an acquaintance of his. And comming lately to my hands without a Name, it was thought to haue so much resemblance of the *Maker*, that many, vpon the first sight, vndertooke to guesse who was *Author* of it: And, perswaded that it was likely also, to become profitable both to them, and mee.

Whereupon, I got it authoris'd, according to Order: intending to publish it, without further inquiry. But, attaining by chance a more perfect knowledge to whom it most properly belonged: I thought it fitting to acquaint him therewithall. And did so; desiring also, both his good will to publish the same, and leaue to passe it vnder his *Name*. Both which, I found him very vnwilling to permit; least the seem-

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T O T H E R E A D E R.

ing lightnesse of such a *Subiect*, might somewhat disparage, the more serious *Studies*, which he hath since vndertaken.

Yet, doubting (this being got out of his Custodie) some imperfecter *Coppies* might hereafter be scattered abroad in writing, or, be vnknowne to him, imprinted : He was pleased (vpon my importunities) to condescend that it might be published, without his *Name*. And his words were these.

When (said he) I first composed it, I well liked thereof; and it well enough became my yeares : but now, I neither like, nor dislike it. That (therefore) it should be diuulged, I desire not : and whether it be, or whether (if it happen so) it bee approoued or no, *I care not*. For this I am sure of : howsoeuer it be valued; it is worth as much as I prize it at : likely it is also to be as beneficial to the World, as the World hath been to me; and will be more then those who like it not, euer deserued at my hands.

These were his speeches : And (if you looked for a *Prologue*; thus much he wished me to tell you, in stead thereof : because (as he sayd) hee himselfe had somewhat else to doe. Yet, (to acknowledge the truth) I was so earnest with

TO THE READER.

with him, that, as busie as he would seeme to be, I got him to write this *Epistle* for me: And haue therunto set my *Name*. Which, he wished me to confesse: Partly, to auoid the occasion of belying my Inuention; and partly, because hee thought some of you would suppose so much.

I entreated him, to explaine his meaning, in certaine obscure passages. But, he told me, how that were to take away the employment of his *Interpreters*: Whereas, he would purposely, leaue somewhat remaining doubtfull, to see what Sir POLITICKE WOULD-BEE, and his Companions could pick out of it.

I desired him also, to set downe, to what good purposes, this *Poeme* would serue. But his Reply was: How, that would bee well enough found out, in the perusing, by all such as had honest vnderstandings: and they who are not so prouided, hee hopes will not read it. More, I could not get from him.

Whether therefore, this MISTRESSE OF PHILARETE, bee really a *Woman*, shaddowed vnder the name of VIRTVE: or VIRTVE onely, whose louelineesse is re-

TO THE READER.

presented by the Beautie of an excellent *Woman*: Or, whether it meane both together; I cannot tell you. But, thus much I dare promise for your money: that, heere, you shall find familiarly expressed, both such *Beauties* as young men, are most intangled withall; and and the excellency also of such, as are most worthy their affection. That, seeing both impartially set foorth, by him that was capable of both, they might the better settle their loue on the best.

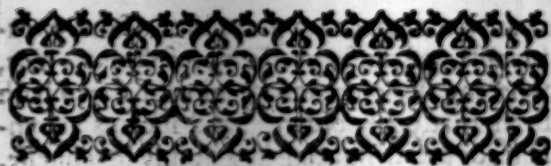
Heereby also, those *Women*, who desire to bee truly beloved, may know what makes them, so to be. And, seeke to acquire those accomplishments of the *Mind*, which may endear them, when the sweetest Features of a beautifull Face, shall bee converted into Deformities. And, here is described, that Loueliness of theirs, which is the principall object of wanton affection, to no worse end: but, that those, who would neuer haue lookt on this *Poeme* (if *Virtue* and *Goodnesse*, had beene therein, no otherwise represented, then as they are objects of the Soule) might, where they expected the satisfaction of their sensualitie onely; meet with that also, which would infi-

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T O T H E R E A D E R .

nuate into them, an apprehension of more reasonable, and most excellent perfections. Yea, whereas, the common opinion of *Youth* hath been; that, onely old men, and such as are vn-able, or past delighting in a bodily lovelinesse, are those who are best capable of the *Mindes* perfections: And, that they doe therefore so much preferre them before the other; because their Age, or stupiditie hath deprived them of being sensible what pleasures they yeelde. Though, this be the vulgar error; yet, here it shal appeare, that he, who was able to conceiue the most excellent pleasingnesse, which could be apprehended in a Corporall *Beautie*; found it (euen when he was most enamour'd with it) far short of that vnexpressible sweetnes, which he discovered in a virtuous and well-tempered Disposition. And if this bee not worth your money, keepe it.

JOHN MARRIOT.



PHILARETE TO
HIS MISTRESSE.

H*Aile*, thou fairest of all Creatures,
Vpon whom the Sun doth shine :
Modell of all rarest Features,
And perfections most diuine.
Thrice *All-haile* : And blessed be,
Those, that loue, and honour thee.

Of thy worth, this rurall Storie,
Thy vnworthy Swaine hath pend :
And, to thy ne're-ending glory,
These plaine *Numbers* doth commend.
Which, ensuing Times shall warble,
When 'tis lost, that's writ in Marble.
Though

Though thy praise, and high deservings
Cannot all, be here exprest:
Yet, my loue, and true-observings,
Someway, ought to be profest.
And, where greatest loue we see,
Highest things attempted be.

By thy *Beautie*, I haue gained,
To behold, the best perfections:
By thy *Loue*, I haue obtained,
To enioy the best affections.
And my tongue, to sing thy praise;
Loue, and *Beautie*, thus doth raise.

What, although in rusticke shaddowes,
I, a Shepherds breeding had;
And, confined to these Meadows;
So, in home-spunn Ruffet clad?
Such as I, haue now and then,
Dar'd as much, as greater men.
Though



Though a stranger to the *Muses*,
Young, obscured, and despis'd :
Yet, such *Art*, thy Loue infuses,
That, I thus, haue Poetiz'd.

Read, and be content to see,
Thy admyred Powre in me.

And, oh grant, thou *Sweetest Beantie*,
(Wherewith euer Earth was grac't)
That this Trophee of my Dutie,
May with Fauour be imbrac't :
And disdaine not, in these *Rymes*,
To be sung, to after-Times.

Let those doters on *Apollo*,
That adore the *Muses*, so,
(And, like Geese, each other follow)
See, what Loue alone, can doe.
For, in *Loue-layes*; *Groue*, and *Field* ;
Nor to *Schools*, nor *Courts* wil yeeld.
On

On this Glasse, of thy perfection,
If that any *Women* pry;
Let them thereby take direction,
To adorne themselves thereby.
And, if ought amisse they view,
Let them dresse themselves anew.

Young-men, shall by this, acquainted
With the truest *Beauties* grow:
So, the Counterfeit, or painted,
They may shun, whē them they know.
But, the *Way*, all will not find:
For, some eyes haue, yet are blind.

Thee, entirely, I haue loued,
So, thy *Sweetnesse*, on me wrought;
Yet, thy *Beautie* neuer mooued,
Ill temptations, in my thought.
But, still did thy *Beauties* Ray;
Sun-like, driue those Foggs away.
Those

Those, that MISTRESSES are named,
And for that, suspected be;
Shall not need to be ashamed,
If they patterne take by thee.
Neither shall their SERVANTS feare,
Fauours, openly to weare.

Thou, to no man fauour dainest,
But whats fitting to bestow;
Neither, Seruants entertainest,
That can euer wanton grow.
For, the more they looke on thee;
Their *Desires* still bettered be.

This, thy *Picture*, therefore, show I
Naked vnto euery eye.
Yet, no feare of *Rinall* know I,
Neither touch of *Ielousie*.
For, the more make loue to thee;
I, the more shall pleased be.

I, am no *Italian* Louer,
That will mewve thee in a layle;
But, thy Beautie I discover,
English-like, without a vaile:
If, thou mayst be wonne away;
Winne and weare thee, he that may.

Yet, in this, thou mayst beleeue me;
(So indifferent though I seeme)
Death with tortures, would not grieve
More, then losse of thy esteeme. (me,
For, if *VIRTV*E me forsake;
All; a scorne of me will make.

Then, as I on Thee relying,
Doe no changing, feare in Thee:
So, by my defects supplying,
From all changing, keepe thou me.
That, vnmatched we may prooue
Thou, for *Beautie*; I, for *Loue*.

Then

Then, while their Loues, are forgotten;
Who to Pride, and Lust were slaues;
And, their *Mistresses* quite rotten,
Lye vnthought on, in their graues.
Kings and Queens (in their despight)
Shall, to mind vs, take delight.

FAIRE-



FAIRE-VIR TVE:

O R,

THE MISTRESSE OF PHILARETE.

TWo prettie Rills doe meet, and meeting make
Within one vally, a large siluer lake:
About whose bankes the fertile mountaines stood,
In ages passed brauely crown'd with wood,
Which lending Cold-sweet-shadows, gaue it grace,
To be accounted Cynthia's Bathing place.
And from her father Neptunes brackish Court,
Faيرة Thetis thither often would resort,
Attended by the Fishes of the Sea,
Which in those sweeter waters came to plea.
There, would the daughter of the Sea-God dine;
And thither came the Land-Nymphs enery Eue,
To wait vpon her: bringing for her browes,
Rich garlands of sweet flowres, and Beechy boughs.

B

For,

OF PHILARETE.

For, pleasant was that Poole; and neere it, then,
 Was neither rotten Marsh, nor boggy Fen.
 It was nor overgrowne with boystrous Sedge,
 Nor grew there rudely then along the edge,
 A bending Willow, nor a prickly Bush,
 Nor broadleafd Flag, nor Reed, nor knotty Rush.
 But here, wel order'd was a grone with Bowers:
 There grassy plots set round about with Flowers,
 Here, yon might (through the water) see the land,
 Appeare, strowd o're with white or yellow sand.
 Tonn, deeper was it; and the wind by whiffes,
 Would make it rise, and wash the little cliffes,
 On which, oft pluming fate (unfrighted than)
 The gagling Wildgoose, and the snow-white Swan:
 With all those flockes of Fowles, which to this day,
 Upon those quiet waters breed, and play.

For, though those excellences wanting be,
 Which once it had; it is the same, that we
 By Transposition name the Ford of Arle.
 And out of which along a Chalky Marle)
 That River trils, whose waters wash the Fort,
 In which brane Arthur kept his royall Court.
 North-east (not far frō this great Poole) there lies
 A tract of Beechy mountaines, that arise
 With leasurely-ascending to such height,
 As from their tops the warlike Ile of Wight.

OF PHILARETE.

You in the Oceans bosome may espie,
 Though neere two hundred furlongs thence it lie.
 The pleasant way, as up those hills you clime,
 Is strewed o're, with Mariarome, and Thyme.
 Which growes unset. The hedge-rows do not want
 The Cowslip, violet, Primrose, nor a plant,
 That freshly sends: as Birch both Greene and tall;
 Low Sallows, on whose bloomings Bees doe fall.
 Faire Woodbinds which, about the hedges twine;
 Smooth Priuet, and the sharpestweete Eglantine.
 With many moe, whose leanes and blossomes faire,
 The Earth addorne, and oft perfumes the ayre.

When you vnto the highest doe attaine;
 An intermixture both of Wood and Plaine,
 You shall behold: which (though aloft it lye)
 Hath downes for sheepe, and fields for husbandry.
 So much (at least) as little needeth more,
 If not enough to marchandize their store.

In euery Rowe hath Nature planted there,
 Some banquet, for the hungry passenger.
 For here, the Hasle-nut and Filbird growes;
 There Bulloes, and little further Sloes.
 On this hand, standeth a faire weilding-tree;
 On that, large thickets of blacke Cherries be.
 The shrubbie fields, are Raspipe Orchards there,
 The new fel'd woods, like Strabery-gardens are:

THE MISTRESSE

*And, had the King of Riuers blest those hills
With some small number of such prettie Rills
As flow elsewhere, Arcadia had not scene
A sweeter plot of Earth then this had beene.*

*For what offence this Place was scanted so
Of springing waters, no record doth show :
Nor haue they old tradition left, that tels;
But till this day, at fiftie fathome Wels
The Shepherds drink. And strange it was to heare
Of any Swaine that euer liued there,
Who either in a Pastorall-Ode had skill,
Or knew to set his fingers to a quill.
For, rude they were who thereinhabited,
And to a dull contentment being bred,
They no such art esteem'd, nor tooke much heed
Of any thing, the world without them did.*

*Eu'n there, and in the least frequented place
Of all these mountaines, is a little space
Of pleasant ground hemd in with dropping trees,
And those so thicke, that Phoebus scarcely sees
The earth they grow on once in all the yeere,
Nor what is done among the shaddowes there.
Along those louely pathes (where neuer came
Report of Pan, or of Apollo's name,
Nor rumour of the Muses till of late) (Fate
Some Nymphs were wandring : and by chance, or
Vpon*

OF PHILARETE.

*Vpon a Laund arriued, where they met
The little flocke of Pastor Philaret.
They, were a troupe of Beauties knowne well nigh
Through all the Plaines of happy Britany.
A Shepherds lad was he, obscure and young,
Who (being first that euer there had sung)
In homely Verse, expressed Countrey loues;
And onely told them to the Beechy groues :
As if to sound his name he neuer ment,
Beyond the compasse that his Sheep walke went.*

*They saw not him; nor them perceined he :
For, in the branches of a Maple-tree
He shrouded sate, and taught the hollow hill
To Eccho forth the Musique of his quill :
Whose rasling voice redoubled so the sound,
That where he was conceald, they quickly found.
And there, they heard him sing a Madrigall;
That soone betrayd his cunning to them all.*

*Full rude it was no doubt, but such a Song,
Those rusticke, and obscured shades among,
Was neuer heard (they say) by any care;
Vntill his Muses had inspir'd him there.
Though meane and plain, his Country habit seemd,
Yet by his Song the Ladies rightly deemd,
That either he had trauiell'd abroad,
Where Swaines of better knowledge make abode.*

THE MISTRESSE

Or else, that some braue Nimph who vs'd that
Had dained to enrich him, with her loue. (Groue,

Approaching nearer, therefore, to this Swaine,
They him saluted; and he, them againe;

In such good fashion, as well seemd to be
According to their state and his degree.

Which greetings, being passed; and much chat,
Concerning him, the place, with this and that;

He, to an Arbor doth those beauties bring;
Where, he them prays to sit, they him to sing:

And to expresse that vntaught Country Art,
In setting forth the Mistresse of his hart;

Which they oreheard him practise, when vnseene,
He thought no eare had witnesse of it beene.

At first (as much unable) he refusd;
And seemd willing to haue beene excusde,
From such a taske. For, thus the Nimphs (quoth
I would not purposely vnciuill be, he)

Nor churlish in denying what you craue;
But, as I hope Great Pan my flocke will saue,

I rather wish, that I might heare of none,
Enioy my Musick, by my selfe alone:

Or, that the murmers of some little Flood
(loynd with the friendly Ecchoes of the wood)

Might be th'impartiall Empires of my wit,
Then went it, where the world might heare of it.

And

OF PHILARETE.

And doubtlesse, I had sung lesse loud while-ere,
Had I but thought of any such so neere.
Not that I either wish obscurifide,
Her matchlesse Beanty; or desire to hide
Her sweet perfections. For, by Loue I swear,
The utmost happinesse I ayme at here,
Is but to compassse worth enough to raise
A high-built Trophée equall with her praise.

Which (fairest Ladies) I shall hope in vaine:
For, I was meanly bred on yonder Plaine.
And, though I can well prooue my Blood to be
Deriu'd from no ignoble Stems to me:
Yet Fate and Time them so obscur'd and crost,
That with their Fortunes their esteeme is lost.
And whaiſoere repute I strinc to win,
Now, from my selfe alone, it must begin.
For, I haue nor estate, nor friends, nor fame,
To purchase either credit to my name,
Or gaine a good Opinion; though I doe
Ascend the height I shall aspire vnto.

If any of those virtues yet I haue,
Which honour to my Predecessors gaue,
Ther's all that's left me. And though some con-
Such needy Jewels; yet it was for them, (temer:
My Faire-one did my humble suit affect,
And dayned my aduenturous loue respect.

THE MISTRESSE

*And by their helpe, I passage hope to make
Through such poore things as I dare undertake.*

*But, you may say; what goodly thing alas !
Can my despised meannesse bring to pass : ?
Or what great Monument of honour raise
To Virtue, in these Vice abounding dayes ?
In which (a thousand times) more honor finds,
Ignoble gotten meanes, then noble minds ?
Indeed, the world affoordeth small reward
For honest minds ; and therefore her regard
I seeke not after : neither doe I care,
If I haue blisse, how others thinke I fare.
For, so my thoughts haue rest, it yrkes not me,
Though none but I, doe know how blest they be.
Here therefore, in these grones and hidden plaines,
I pleased sit alone; and many straines
I carroll to my selfe, these hills among :
Where no man comes to interrupt my Song.
Whereas, if my rude layes make knowne I should,
Beyond their home; perhaps, some Carpers would
(Because they haue not heard from whence we be)
Traduce, abuse, and scoffe both them and me.
For, if our great and learned Shepheards (who
Are gract with wit, and fame, and fauours to,)
With much adoe, escape vncensurd may;
What hopes haue I to passe vnscost I pray,*

Who

OF PHILARETE.

Who yet vnto the Muses am unknowne?
And liue unhonoured, heere among mine owne?

A gadding humour seldome taketh me,
To range out further then yonn mountaines be:
Nor hath applausive Rumour borne my name
Vpon the spreading wings of sounding Fame.
Nor can I thinke (faire Nymphs) that you resort
For other purpose, then to make a sport
At that simplicitie which shall appeare
Among the rude vntutor'd Shepheards here.

I know that you my Noble Mistresse weene
At best, a homely Milk-maid on the Greene;
Or some such Country Lasse, as tasked staves
At seruile labour untill Holy dayes.
For, poore mens vertues so neglected grow,
And are now prized at a rate so low,
As tis impossible, You should bee brought,
To let it with beleefe possesse your thought,
That any Nymph whose loue might worthy be;
Would daigne to cast respectiue eyes on me.

You see I liue, possessing none of those
Gay things, with which the world enamord grows.
To woo a Courtly Beautie, I haue neither
Rings, Bracelets, Iewels, nor a Scarfe, nor Feather.
I vse no double dyed Cloth to weare;
No Scrip embroydered richly doe I beare:

THE MISTRESS

No silken Belt, nor Sheephooke layd with pearles,
To win me fauour from the Shepherds Girles.
No place of office, or Command I keepe,
But this my little Flocke of homely sheepe.
And in a word; the summe of all my pelfe
Is this; I am the Master of my selfe.

No doubt; in Courts of Princes you haue beene,
And all the pleasures of the Palace seene.
There, you beheld braue Courtly passages,
Betwene Heroës and their Mistresses.
You, there perhaps (in presence of the King)
Haue heard his learned Bards and Poets sing.
And what contentment then, can wood, or field,
To please your curious understandings yeeld?
I know, you walked hither, but to prooue,
What silly Shepheards doe conceine of loue:
Or to make triall how our simplenesse
Can passions force, or Beauties power expresse:
And when you are departed, you will ioy,
To laugh, or descant on the Shepheards boy.

But yet (I vow) if all the Art I had
Could any more esteeme, or glory add
To her unmatched worth; I would not weigh
What you intended. Prethee lad, quoth they,
Distrustfull of our Courtisie doe not seeme.
Her Noblenesse can neuer want esteeme;

Nor

OF PHILARETE.

Nor thy concealed Measures be disgrac't,
 Though in a meaner person they were plac't:
 If thy too-modestly reserved Quill,
 But reach that height, which we suppose it will.

Thy meannesse or obscurenesse cannot wrong,
 The Nymph thou shalt eternize in thy Song.
 For, as it higher reares thy glory, that
 A noble Mistresse thou hast aymed at:
 So, more unto her honour it will prooue,
 That whilst deceauing shaddowes others moue,
 Her constant eyes, could passe unmoued by,
 The subtil times bewitching brauery;
 And those obscured virtues lone in thee,
 That with despised meannesse cloued be.
 Now then, for her sweet sake, whose Beautious eye,
 Hath filled thy soule with heaucnly Poesie,
 Sing in her prattse some new inspired straine:
 And, if within our power there shall remaine,
 A fauour to be done may pleasure thee:
 Aske, and obtaine it, whatsoere it be.

Faire Ladies, quoth the lad, such words as those,
 Compell me can: and, therewithall he rose;
 Return'd them thanks, obcisance made, and than,
 Downe sate againe, and thus to sing began.

A.C.

Ten

Y O U, that at a blush can tell,
Where the best perfections dwell;
And the substance can coniecture,
By a shadow, or a Picture:
Come, and try, if you by this;
Know my *Mistresse*, who she is.

For, though I am farre vnable
Here to match *Apelles* table,
Or draw *Zeuxes*, cunning Lines,
Who, so painted *Bacchus* Vines,
That the hungry Byrds did muster,
Round the counterfeited Cluster.
Though, I vaunt not to inherit,
Petrarchs, yet vnequal'd spirit;
Nor to quaffe the sacred *Well*,
Halfe so deepe as *Astrophill*:
Though, the much commended *Celia*,
Louely *Laura*, *Stella*, *Delia*,
(Who in former times excell'd)
Liue in Lines vnparaled;
Making vs beleeue 'twere much,
Earth should yeeld another such.

Yet, assisted but by Nature,
I assay to paint a Creatre

Whose

THE MISTRESSE

Whose rare worth, in future yeares,
Shall be prayd, as much as theirs.
Nor let any thinke amisse,
That I haue presumed this :
For, a gentle *Nymph* is shee,
And hath often honor'd me.
Shees, a noble sparke of light,
In each part so exquisit,
Had she in times passed beene,
They had made her, beauties *Queene*.

Then, shall cowardly despaire,
Let the most vnblemisht *faire*,
For default of some poore Art
(Which her fauour may impart)
And the sweetest Beauty fade,
That was euer borne or made?
Shall, of all the *faire ones*, shee
Onely so vnhappy be;
As to liue in such a Time,
In so rude, so dull a Clime,
Where no spirit can ascend
High enough, to apprehend
Her vnprized excellence,
Which lies hid from common sense?
Neuer shall a staine so vile,
Blemish this, our *Poets* Ile.

THE MISTRESS

I my selfe, will rather runne,
 And seeke out for *Helicon*.
 I, will wash, and make me cleane,
 In the waues of *Hippocrene*:
 And in spight of Fortunes barres,
 Climbe the *Hill* that braues the starres.
 Where, if I can get no *Muse*
 That will any skill infuse,
 (Or my iust attempt prefer)
 I will make a *Muse* of *Her*:
 Whose kind heat shall soone distill,
Art, into my ruder quill.
 By her fauour, I will gaine
 Helpe, to reach so rare a *Straine*:
 That the learned *Hills* shall wonder,
 How the vntaught vallies vnder,
 Met with Raptures so diuine,
 Without knowledge of the *NINE*.

I, that am a Shepherds *Swaine*,
 Piping on the lowly plaine,
 And no other Musique can,
 Then what learn'd I haue of *Pan*.
 I, who neuer sung the *Layes*,
 That deserue *Apollo's* bayes,
 Hope not onely, here to frame,
Measures, which shall keepe *Her* name,

From

THE MISTRESSE

From the spight of wasting Times;
 But (enshrin'd in sacred Rimes)
 Place her, where her forme diuine,
 Shall to after ages shine:
 And without respect of Odds,
 Vye renowne with *Demy-Gods*.

Then, whilst of her praise I sing,
 Harken *Vally, Grove and Spring*;
 Listen to me sacred *Fountaines*,
 Solitarie *Rocks*, and *Mountaines*:
Satyres, and you wanton *Elues*,
 That doe nightly sport your selues.
Shepheards, you that on the Reede,
 Whistle while your lambes doe feed:
 Aged *Woods*, and *Floods*, that know,
 What hath beene long times agoe.
 Your more serious *Notes* among,
 Heare, how I can in my *Song*,
 Set a *Nymphs* perfection forth:
 And, when you haue heard her worth;
 Say, if such another *Lasse*,
 Euer knowne to mortall was.

Listen *Loralings*; you that most,
 Of your outward honors boast.
 And you *Gallants*; that thinke scorne,
 We to lowly fortunes borne,

Should

THE MISTRESSE

Should attaine to any graces,
Where, you looke for sweet embraces.

See; if all those vanities,
Whereon your affection lies.
Or the Titles, or the power,
By your Fathers virtues your,
Can your *Mistresses* enshrine,
In such state, as I will mine :
Who am forced, to importune
Fauours, in despite of *Fortune*.

Beauties listen; chiefly you,
That yet know not *Virtues* due.
You, that thinke there are no sports,
Nor no honours but in *Courts*.
(Though of thousands there liues not
Two, but dye and are forgot:)
See, if any *Palace* yeelds
Ought more glorious, then the *Fields*.
And consider well, if we
May not as high-flying be
In our thoughts, as you that sing
In the Chambers of a King.
See; if our contented minds,
Whom *Ambition* neuer blinds :
(We, that clad in home-spun gray,
On our owne sweet Meadows play)

Cannot

OF PHILARETE.

Cannot honour (if we please)
Where we list as well as these.
Or as well of worth approue;
Or with equall passions loue.
See, if beauties may not touch
Our soone-louing hearts as much;
Or our seruices effect
Fauours, with as true respect
In your good conceits to rise,
As our painted Butterflies.

And you *Fairest* giue her roome,
When your Sexes pride doth come:
For that Subiect of my song,
I inuoke these Groues among,
To be witnesse of the Layes,
Which I carroll in her praise.
And because shee soone will see,
If my *Measures* faultie be;
Whilst I chaunt them, let each *Rime*
Keepe a well proportioned time:
And with straines that are diuine,
Meet her thoughts in euery line.
Let each accent there, present
To her Soule a new content;
And, with rauishings so ceaze her,
She may feele the height of pleasure.

C

You

THE MISTRESSE

You enchanting *spells*, that lye,
Lurking in sweet *Poesie* :
(And to none else will appeare,
But to those that worthy are)
Make *Her* know there is a power
Ruling in these *Charmes* of your ;
That transcends (a thousand heights)
Ordinary mens delights :
And can leaue within her brest,
Pleasures, not to be exprest.
Let her linger, on each straine,
As if shee would heare't againe ;
And were loth to part from thence,
Till shee had the quintessence,
Out of each conceit shee meets,
And had stord her, with those sweets.

Make her, by your Art to see :
I, that am her Swaine, was he,
Vnto whom all beauties here,
Were alike, and equall deare.
That I could of freedome boast,
And of fauours with the most :
Yet, now (nothing more affecting)
Sing of *Her*, the rest neglecting.

Make her heart, with full Compassion,
Iudge the merit of true passion;

And

OF PHILARETE.

And, as much my loue prefer,
As I strue to honor *Her*.

Lastly; you, that will (I know)
Heare me, wh'ere you should or no.
You, that seeke to turne all Flowers,
By your breathes infectious powers,
Into such ranke lothsome weedes,
As your dunghill nature breeds.
Let your hearts be chaste, or here
Come not, till you purge them cleare.
Marke; and marke then, what is worst;
For, what ere it seeme at first;
If you bring a modest minde,
You shall nought immodest finde.

But, if any too seuerer,
Happ to lend a partiall care;
Or, out of his blindnesse yawne,
Such a word, as *Oh prophane*:
Let him know thus much from me,
If here's ought prophane, tis he;
Who applies these excellences,
Onely to the touch of senses:
And, dimm sighted, cannot see,
Where the soule of this, may bee.

Yet, that no offence may grow,
Tis their choice, to stay, or goe.

THE MISTRESSE

Or, if any for despight,
Rather comes, then for delight:
For his presence Ile not pray,
Nor his absence: come he may.
Critticks shall admitted be,
Though I know theile carpe at me.
For I neither feare nor care,
What in this, their censures are.

If the *Verse* heere vsed, be
Their dislike; it liketh me.
If my Methode they deride,
Let them know, *Loue is not tide*
In his free Discourse, to chuse
Such strict rules as Arts-men vse.
These may prate of Loue; but they,
Know him not: for Hee will play
From the matter, now and then,
Off and on, and off agen.

If this Prologue tedious seeme,
Or the rest too long they deeme:
Let them know, my loue they win,
Though they goe ere I begin,
Iust as if they should attend me,
Till the last, and there commend me.
For, I will for no mans pleasure
Change a Syllable or measure:

Since

Neither for their praises adde,
 Ought to mend what they thinke bad:
 Since it neuer was my fashion,
 To make worke of Recreation.

Pedants shall not tye my straines,
 To our Antique *Poets* vaines;
 As if we, in latter dayes,
 Knew to loue, but not to praise.
 Being borne as free as these,
 I will sing, as I shall please;
 Who, as well new paths may run,
 As the best before haue done.
 I disdaine to make my Song,
 For their pleasures short or long,
 If I please Ile end it here:
 If I list Ile sing this yeere.
 And, though none regard of it,
 By my selfe I pleas'd can sit,
 And, with that contentment cheare me,
 As if halfe the world did heare me.

But because I am assured,
 All are either so coniured,
 As they will my Song attend,
 With the patience of a friend;
 Or (at least) take note, that I
 Care not much: now willingly

THE MISTRESSE

I these goodly Colours lay,
Wind, nor Raine, shall weare away.
But retaineth their purest glasse,
When the Statues made of brasse,
For some Princes more renowne,
Shall be wholly ouerthrowne;
Or (consum'd with cankered rust)
Lie neglected in the dust.

And my Reason giues direction,
(When I sing of such perfection)
First, those beauties to declare,
Which (though hers) without her are.
To aduance her fame, I find,
Those are of a triple kind.
Priuiledges she hath store,
At her birth, since, and before.
From before her birth, the fame,
Shee of high discents may claime;
(Whose wel-gotten honors, may
Her deseruing more display)
For, from heavenly race shee springs,
And from high and mightie Kings.

At her birth; shee was by Fate
In those *Parents* fortunate,
Whose estates and virtues stood,
Answerable to their Blood.

Then

OF PHILARETE.

Then, the *Nation, Time, and Place,*
To the rest may adde some grace.
For the *People,* with the *Clime,*
And the fashions of the time;
(In all which she hath been blest,
By enioying them at best)
Doe not onely mend the features;
But oft times make better natures.
Whereas, those who hap not so,
Both deform'd, and ruder grow.

In these Climes, and latter dayes,
To deserue sweet Beauties praise,
(Where so many females dwell,
That each seemeth to excell)
In more glory twenty fold,
Then it was in dayes of old,
When our ordinary *Faire ones*
Might haue been esteemed rare ones;
And haue made a subiect fit,
For their brauest *Poets* wit.
Little *Rush-lights,* or a sparke,
Shineth fairely in the darke:
And, to him occasion giues
That from sight of lesser liues
To adore it: yet the Ray
Of one Torch will take away

THE MISTRESSE

All the light of twentie more,
 That shin'd very well before.
 So, those pettie Beauties, which
 Made the times before vs rich;
 Though but sparkles seemd a flame,
 Which hath been increast by Fame,
 And their true affections, who
 Better neuer shu'd to know.
 Whereas, her if they had seene,
 Shee had sure adored beene,
 And taught Ages past, to sing
 Sweeter in their Sonneting.

Such a Ray, so cleare, so bright,
 Had out-shined all the light,
 Of a thousand such as theirs,
 Who were then esteemed Starres;
 And would haue enlightned, neere
 Halfe the worlds wide Hemisphere.
 Shee is fairest, that may passe
 For a faire one, where the Lasse
 Trips it on the Countrie Greene,
 That may equall Spartas Queene.
 Where (in euery street you see)
 Throngs of Nymphs and Ladies be,
 That are faire enough to moue
 Angels, and enamour Ioue.

Shee

OF PHILARETE.

Shee must matchlesse features bring
That now mooues a *Muse* to sing,
When as one small *Province* may
Shew more Beauties in a day,
Then the halfe of *Europe* could,
Breed them in an age of old.
Such is shee, and such a lot
Hath shee rare perfection got.

Since her birth, to make the coulor
Of so true a Beautie fuller;
And to giue a better grace
To that sweetnesse in the face:
Shee, hath all the furthrance had,
Noble educations add.

And not onely knoweth all,
Which our Ladies, Courtship call,
With those knowledges, that doe
Grace her sex, and sute thereto:
But shee hath attained to find,
(What is rare with womankind)

Excellencies, whereby she
May in soule delighted be;
And reape more contentment, than
One of twentiethousand can.

By this meanes, hath better'd bin,
All without her, and within.

For,

OF PHILARETE.

For, it hath by adding Arts,
To addorne her native parts,
Raised to a noble flame,
(Which shall lighten forth her fame)
Those deare sparkes of sacred fire,
Which the *Muses* did inspire
At her birth: that she compleat,
Might with them besit a seat.

But, perhaps I doe amise,
To insist so long on this.
These, are superficiall things;
And but slender shaddowings,
To the worke I haue in hand.
Neither can you vnderstand,
What her excellence may be,
Till *her selfe* describ'd you see.
Nor can mine, or any penn,
Paint her halfe so louely then,
As she is indeed. For, here
Might those *Deities* appeare,
Which young *Paris* view'd, at will,
Naked, vpon *Ida* hill;
That I from those three might take,
All their beauties One to make
(Those, no question well compact,
Would haue made vp one exact)

Some-

OF PHILARETE.

Something yet, we misse of might,
To expresse her sweetnesse right,
Iuno's maiestie would fit;
Venus beauty, *Pallas* wit:
Might haue brought to patterne hers,
In some shew'd particulars,
But, they neuer can expresse,
Her whole frame or worthinesse:
With those excellences, which
Make both soule, and body rich.

Pallas sometimes was vntoward,
Venus wanton, *Iuno* froward:
Yea, all three infected were,
With such faults as women are.
And, though falsly *Deifi'd*,
Fraileties had, which shee'll deride.

By *herselfe*, must therefore she,
Or by nothing pattern'd, be.
And I hope to paynt her so,
By *her selfe*; that you shall know,
I haue seru'd no common *Dame*,
Of meane worth, or vulger fame,
But a *Nymph* that's fairer than,
Pen, or Pencill, portrait can.
And to morrow if you stray,
Backe againe this vncloth way:

THE MISTRESSE

I my simple art will show :
But, the time preuents me now.
For, except at yonder glade,
All the Laund is vnder shade.
That, before these Ewes be told,
Those my Weathers in the fold,
Ten young Wainlings driuen downe
To the well beneath the Towne;
And my Lambkins changed from
Brome leaze, to the Mead at home;
Twill be farre in night : and so,
I shall make my father woe
For my stay, and be in feare
Some what is mischanced here.
On your way, Ile therefore bring you,
And a Song or two Ile sing you,
Such as I (halfe in despaire)
Made when first I woo'd my *Faire*:
Whereunto my Boy shall play,
That my voyce assist, it may.

Come

OF PHILARETE.

Come my Muse, if thou disdain,
 All my comforts are bereft me;
 No delight doth now remaine,
 I nor friend, nor flocke haue left me,
 They are scattered on the plaine.

(Men, alas) are too seuer,
 And make scoffes at Louers Fortunes;
 Women, hearted like the Beare,
 That regards not who importunes,
 But, doth all in peeces tear.

If I should my sorrowes show
 Unto Rivers, Springs, or Fountaines,
 They are sencelesse of my woe;
 So are grones, and rockes, and mountaines.
 Then, oh whither shall I goe?

Meanes of harbour me to shield
 From dispaire; Ah, know you any?
 For, nor Citie, Grange, nor Field
 (Though they lend content to many)
 Unto me, can comfort yeeld.

I haue wept and sighed to,
 For compassion to make triall:
 Yea, done all that words can doe,
 Yet haue nothing but denyall.
 What way is there then to woe?

THE MISTRESSE

Shall I sweare, protest, and vow?

So haue I done most extremely.

Should I die? I know not how.

For, from all attempts unseemely,

Loue, and Virtue, keeps me now.

I haue heard that Time preuailes;

But I sweare mee tis a fable.

Time, and all endeavour failes;

To beare more, my heart's unable,

Yet none careth what it ayles.

Lines, to some haue op't the dore,

And got entrance for affection.

Words well spoken, much implore

By the Gestures good direction:

But a Looke doth ten times more.

Tis the Eye that onely reads,

To the heart, loues deepest Lectures.

By a moouing looke it pleads,

More then common sence coniectures:

And, a way to pittie leades.

This, I knowing did obserue,

(both by Words, & Looks complaining)

Yet, for pittie I may starue:

There's no hope of my obtaining;

Till I better can deserue.

Yea,

OF PHILARETE.

Yea, and he that thinks to winne
By desert, may bee deceived.
For, they who haue worthiest bin,
Of their right haue bene bereaued,
And a Groome admitted in.

Wherefore Muse, to thee I call,
Thou (since nothing else auails me)
Must redeeme mee from my thrall.
If thy sweet enchantment suiles me,
Then adue, loue, life, and all.

2.

TELL me my hart, what Thoughts these pantings moue?
My Thoughts of LOVE.
What Flames are those, that set thee so on fire?
Flames of DESIRE.

What Meanes hast thou, contentments floure to crop?
No Meanes but HOPE.

Yet let vs feed on Hope, and Hope the best.
For, they amid their griefes are something blest; (scope,
Whose Thoughts, & Flames, & Meanes, haue such free
They may at once, both LOVE, DESIRE, and HOPE.

But say; what Fruit will loue at last obtaine?
Fruitlesse DISDAINE.

What will those Hopes prone, which yet seeme so faire?
Hopelesse DESPAIRE.

What

THE MISTRESSE

What End shall runne those passions out of breath?

An endlesse DEATH.

Oh can there be such crueltie in Loue?

And doth my Fortune so vngentle proue,

Shée will no Fruit, nor Hope, nor End bequeath,

But crnellest DISDAIN, DISPAIRE, and DEATH?

Then what new Studie shall I now apply?

Studie to DIE.

How might I end my Care, and dye content?

Care to REPENT.

And what good Thoughts may make my end more holy?

Thinke on thy FOLLY.

Yet, so I will; and since my Fate can giue

No Hope, but euer without Hope to liue.

My Studies, Cares, and Thoughts, ile all apply,

To weigh my FOLLY well, REPENT and DIE.

3.

SAD Eyes what doe you ayle

To be thus ill disposed?

Why doth your sleeping faile,

Now all mens else are closed?

Was I, that nere did bow

In any seruile dutie;

And will you make me, now,

A slave to Loue and Beautie?

What

OF PHILARETE.

What though thy Mistresse smile,
And in her looke affects thee?

Let not her eye beguile,
I feare shee disrespects thee.

Doe not poore heart depend
On those vaine thoughts that fill thee;
They le faile thee in the end,
So must thy passions kill thee.

What hopes haue I, that shee
will hold her fauours ener;

When so few women be,
That constant can perseuer?

What ere shee doe protest,
When Fortunes doe deceiue me;
Then shee, with all the rest,
I feare, alas! will leaue me.

Whil'st youth, & strength remains,
With art that may commend her;

Perhaps, she nought disdaines,
Her seruant should attend her.

But, it is one to ten,
If crosses ouertake me;
Shee will not know me, then,
But scorne, and forsake mee.

D

Shall

THE MISTRESSE

Shall then in earnest truth,
My carefull eyes obserue her?
Shall I consume my youth,
And short my time to serue her?
Shall I, beyond my strength,
Let passions tormentes proue me,
To heare her say, at length,
Away, I cannot loue thee?

Oh, rather let me dye,
Whilst I thus gentle finde her;
I were worse then death, if I,
Should finde shee prooues unkinde.
One frowne (though but in iest)
Or one unkindnes, fained,
Would rob me of more rest,
Then ere could be regained.

But, in her eyes I finde,
Such signes of pittie moouings,
Shee cannot be unkinde:
Nor erre, nor faile in louing.
And, on her forehead, this,
Seemes written to relieue me;
My heart no ioy shall misse,
That Loue, or Shee, can giue me.

Which

OF PHILARETE.

Which if I finde, I vow,
My seruice shall persener :
The same that I am now,
I will continue euer.

No others high degree,
Nor beautious looke shall change me.
My Loue shall constant bee,
And no estate estrange me.

When other noble Dames
By greater men attended,
Shall with their Lines, and Names,
Have all their glories ended;
With fairest Queenes shall she,
Sit sharing equall glory :
And Times to come, shall be,
Delighted with our Story.

In spight of others hates,
More honour I will doe her,
Then those, that with Estates,
And hopes of Fortune wooe her.
Yea, that true worth I spie,
Though Monarchs stroue to grace it,
They should not reach more hie,
Then I dare hope to place it.

THE MISTRESSE

*And though I neuer vaunt,
What fauours are possessed,
Much lesse content I wan',
Then if they were expressed.
Let others make their mirth,
To blab each kisse, or toying;
I know no blisse on earth,
Like, secret Lone enioying.*

*And this shall be the worst,
Of all that can betide me;
If I, like some accurst,
Should finde my hopes deride me:
My Cares will not be long,
I know which way to mend them;
Ile thinke who did the wrong,
Sigh, breake my heart, and end them.*

HAile faire Beauties, and againe,
Haile to all your goodly traine.
What I promised yesterday,
If it please you, heare yee may:
For, now once begun haue I,
Sing I will, though none were by.

And

OF PHILARETE.

And, though freely on I runne,
 Yet confus'd paths to shunne,
 First, that part shalbe disclos'd,
 Thats of *Elements* compos'd.
 There, the two vnequall paire,
Water, Fire, Earth and *Ayre*.
 (Each one suring a Complexion,)
 Haue so cunning a Commixtion;
 As they, in proportion sweet,
 With the rarest temper meete.
 Either, in as much as needeth,
 So as neither, ought exceedeth.
 This pure substance, is the same,
 Which the *Body* we doe name.
 Were that, of immortall stuffe;
 Tis refin'd and pure enough,
 To be cald a *Soule*: for sure,
 Many *Soules* are not so pure.
 I (that with a serious looke
 Note of this rare *Model* tooke)
 Find, that Nature in their places,
 So well couched all the *Graces*,
 As the Curious eies that be,
 Can nor blot, nor blemish see.
 Like a Pine it groweth streight,
 Reaching an approued height:

THE MISTRESSE

And hath all the choise perfections,
That inflame the best affections.
In the motion of each part,
Nature seemes to striue with *Art*,
Which her gestures most shall blesse,
With the guifts of Pleasingnesse.

When she sits; me, thinkes, I see,
How all virtues fixed be,
In a frame; whose constant mould;
Will the same vncchanged hold.
If you note her when she moues,
Cythera drawnewith dours:
May come learne such winning motions,
As will gaine to lones deuotions,
More then all her painted wiles;
Such as teares, or sighs, or smiles.

Some, whose bodies want true graces,
Haue sweete features in their faces:
Others, that doe misse them there,
Louely are some other where;
And to our desires doe fitte,
In behaviour, or in witte:
Or some inward worth appearing,
To the soule, the soule endearing;
But, in her your eie may find,
All thats good in *Womankind*.

What

OF PHILARETE.

What in others we preferre,
Are but sundry parts of her :
Who, most perfect, doth present,
What might one, and all content.
Yea, he that in lone still ranges,
And each day, or howely changes;
(Had he iudgement but to know,
What perfection in her grow)
There would find the spring of store,
Sweare a faith, and change no more.

Neither in the totall frame,,
Is she only void of blame;
But, each part suruei'd a sunder,
Might beget both loue and wonder.
If you dare to looke so high,
Or behold such maiestie;
Lift your wondring eies, and see,
Whether ought can better'd be.

Ther's her *Haire*, with which *Loue* angles,
And beholders eies intangles.
For, in those faire curled snafes,
They are hampred vnawares :
And compeld to sweare a duty,
To her sweete inthrauling beauty.
In my mind, tis the most faire,
That was euer called haire,

THE MISTRESSE

Somewhat brighter then a browne,
And her *Tresses* wauing downe,
At full length, and so disspread:
Mantles her from foote to head.

If you saw her Arched Brow,
Tell me pray, what Art knowes how
To haue made it in a line,
More exact, or more diuine.
Beauty there may be discrid,
In the height of all her pride;
'Tis a meanly rising plaine,
Whose pure white hath many a vaine,
Interlacing like the springs,
In the earths enamilings.
If the tale be not a toy,
Of the little winged *Boy*;
When he meanes to strike a heart,
Thence, he throwes the fatall dart:
Which of wounds still makes a paire,
One of Loue, one of Dispaire.

Round her visage: or so neare,
To a roundnes doth appeare,
That no more of length it takes,
Then what best proportion makes.

Short her *Chinne* is, and yet so,
As it is iust long enow:

Loue.

OF PHILARETE.

Louelines, doth seeme to glory,
In that Cyrcling *Promontory*.
Pretty mouing features skip,
Twixt that hillocke and the lip :
If you note her, but the while
She is pleas'd to speake, or smile.

And her Lips (that shew no dulnes)
Full are, in the meanest fulnes :
Those, the leaues be, whose vnfoldings,
Brings sweete pleasures to beholding:
For, such pearles they doe disclose,
Both the *Indies* match not those :
Yet, are so in order placed,
As their whitenesse is more graced.
Each part is so well disposed,
And her dainty mouth composed,
So, as there is no distortion,
Misbecomes that sweete proportion.

When her Iuorie Teeth she buries,
Twixt her two enticing cherries,
There appeares such pleasures hidden,
As might tempt what were forbidden,
If you looke againe the whiles,
She doth part those lips in smiles :
Tis as when a flash of light,
Breakes from heauen to glad the night.

Other

THE MISTRESS

Other parts my pencill craue,
But those lips I cannot leaue ;
For (me thinkes) I should goe,
And forsake those Cherries so.
Ther's a kind of excellence,
Holds me from departing hence,
I would tell you what it were,
But my cunning failes me there.
They are like in their discloses,
To the mornings dewie roses :
That beside the name of faire,
Cast perfumes that sweet the *Aire*.
Melting-soft her kisses be,
And had I, now, two or three;
(More inspired, by their touch)
I had praisd them twise as much.

But sweete *Muses* marke yee how,
Her faire eies doe checke me now,
That I seem'd to passe them so :
And their praises ouer goe :
And yet blame me not, that I
Would so faine haue past them by.
For, I feared to haue seene them,
Least there were some danger in them,
Yet, such gentle looks they lend,
As might make her foe, a friend ;

And

OF PHILARETE.

And by their allurings moue,
All beholders, vnto loue.
Such a power is also there,
As will keepe those thoughts in feare;
And command enough I saw,
To hold impudence in awe.
There, may he that knowes to loue,
Read contents, which are aboue,
Their ignoble aimes, who know
Nothing, that so high doth grow.
Whilst she me beholding is,
My hart dares not thinke amisse :
For, her sight most peircing cleare,
Seemes to see, whats written there.

Those bright *Eies*, that with their light,
Often times haue blest my sight,
And in turning thence their shining,
Left me in sad darkenes pining :
Are the rarest, loueliest gray.
And do cast forth such a ray,
As the man, that black prefers,
More would like this gray of hers.

When their matchles beames she shrouds,
Tis like *Cynthia* hid in Clouds.
If againe she shew them light,
Tis like morning after night,

And,

THE MISTRESSE

And, tis worthy well beholding,
With how many a pretty folding,
Her sweet eye lids grace that faire,
Meanly fring'd with beaming haire :
Whereby, neatly ouerspread,
Those bright lamps are shaddowed.

Twixt the *Eyes*, no hollow place,
Wrinkle nor vndecent space,
Disproportions her in ought;
Though by *Envy*, faults were sought.

On those *Eye-browes* neuer yet,
Did disdainefull scowling sit.
Loue and *Goodnesse* gotten thither,
Sit on equall thrones together;
And doe throw iust scorne on them,
That their gouernment contemne.

Then (almost obscur'd) appears
Those her Iewell-gracing *Eares*,
Whose owne Beauties more adorne,
Then the richest *Pearle* that's worne
By the proudest *Persian* Dames,
Or the best that *Nature* frames.
There, the voice (in loues *Meanders*)
Those their pretty cirl-lings, wanders:
Whose rare turnings will admit,
No rude speech to enter it.

Stretching

OF PHILARETE.

Stretching from mount *Forhead* lies,
Beauties Cape betwixt her eyes.
Which two Chrystall-passing lakes,
Loves delightfull *Isthmus* makes;
Neither more nor lesse extending,
Then most meriteth commending.
Those, in whom that part hath beene,
Best deseruing praises seene:
Or, (surueid without affection)
Came the neereest to perfection.
Would scarce handsome ones appeare,
If with her compar'd they were.
For, it is so much excellling,
That it passeth meanes of telling.

On the either side of this,
Loves most louely Prospect is.
Those her smiling *Cheekes*, whose colour
Comprehends true Beautie fuller,
Then the curioust mixtures can,
That are made by art of Man.
It is *Beauties Garden plot*,
Where, as in a *True-love-knot*,
So, the Snowy Lilly growes,
Mixed with the Crimson Rose,
That, as friends they ioyned be.
Yet, they seeme to disagree,

Whe-

THE MISTRESSE

Whether of the two shall raigne;
And the Lillies oft obtaine
Greatest sway, vnlesse a blush
Helpe the Roses at a push.
Hollow fallings, none there are;
Ther's no wrinkle, ther's no scar:
Onely ther's a little *Mole*,
Which from *Venus* cheeke was stole.

If it were a thing in Nature,
Possible, that any Creature,
Might decaying life repaire
Onely by the helpe of Aire:
There were no such Salue for death,
As the balme of her sweet breath.
Or, if any humane power,
Might detaine the Soule an houre,
From the flesh to dust bequeathing,
It would linger on her breathing:
And be halfe in mind, that there;
More then mortall pleasures were.
And whose fortune were so faire,
As to draw so sweet an ayre,
Would no doubt, let sleighted lie,
The perfumes of *Arabie*.
For the *English* Eglantine,
Doth through enuy of her, pine.

Violets,

THE MISTRESSE

Violets, and Roses to;
Feares that she will them vndoe.
And, it seemes that in her brest,
Is compos'd the *Phoenix* nest.

But, descend a while mine eye.
See, if polisht Iuory,
Or the finest fleeced flockes,
Or the whitest *Albion* Rocks;
For comparisons may stand,
To expresse that snowy hand.
When she drawes it from her gloue,
It hath virtue to remoue,
Or disperst; if there be ought,
Cloudeth the beholders thought.
If that palme but toucheth your,
You shall feele a secret power
Cheare your heart; and glad it more,
Though it droopt with grieve before.

Through the vaines, disposed true
Crimson, yeelds a Saphir hue:
Which adds grace, and more delight,
By embracing with the white.
Smooth, and moist, and soft, and tender,
Are her palmes; the fingers slender;
Tipt with mollified Pearle.
And if that transformed Girl,

Whose

THE MISTRESSE

Whose much cunning, made her dare,
With *Ioues* daughter to compare,
Had that hand worne; maugre spight,
Shee had sham'd the *Goddesse* quite.
For, there is in euery part,
Nature perfecter then Art.

These, were ioyned to those *Armes*,
That were neuer made for harmes:
But, possesse the sweetest graces,
That may apt them for imbraces.
Like the *Siluer* streames they be,
Which from some high hill we see
Clipping in a goodly *Vale*,
That growes prowd of such a thrall.

Neither *Alabaſter* Rocks,
Pearl-strowd-shores, nor *Cairswold* flockes,
Nor the Mountaines tipt with Snow,
Nor the Milk-white Swannes of *Po*,
Can appeare so faire to me,
As her spotlesse shoulders be.
They are like some worke of state,
Couer'd with the richest plate:
And a presence haue, that strike
With deuotions, *Goddes-like*.

Twixt those shoulders (meanly spread)
To support that Globe-like head,

Riseth

OF PHILARETE.

Riseth vp her *Necke*; wherein,
Beautie seemeth to beginne
To disclose it selfe, in more
Tempting manner then before.
How, therein she doth excell,
(Though I would) I cannot tell:
For, I naught on earth espie,
That I may expresse it by.

There, should Louers as in dutie,
Hange rich *Trophes* vp to Beauty.
Tis proportion'd to a height,
That is euen with delight.
Yet, it is a great deale higher,
Then to answer base desire.

Where the *Necke* hath end, begins
That smooth path, where loues close ginns
Are thicke placed to inthrall,
Such, as that way straggle shall.
There, a pleasing passage lies,
Farre beyond the sight of eies:
And much more delight containes,
Then the old *Elizian* plaines.

Whatsoever others say,
There's alone the *Milkie-way*;
That to beauties walkes doth goe,
Which, if others came to know;

THE MISTRESSE

In possessing their delight,
They should neuer reach the height,
Of the pleasures which I share,
Whilst that those debarred are.

Yet (vnspoken of) there rests,
Her two twinlike louely *Breasts*,
Whose round-rising, pretty panting
I would tell, but art is wanting.
Words can neuer well declare,
Her faire sweete perfections there:
For, would measures giue me leaue,
To expresse what I conceiue,
I doe know I should goe neare,
Halfe to rauish all that heare.
And, but that I learne to season,
What I apprehend with *Reason*,
It had made my *Passions* weight,
Sincke me through my owne conceit.
There I finde so large a measure,
Of an vnexpressed pleasure;
That my heart, through strong surmize,
In a pleasing fainting lies.

He that there may rest to proue,
Softer finds those beds of loue;
Then the Cotton ripest growne;
Or fine pillowes of such downe,

OF PHILARETE.

As in time of Molting, fanns,
From the breasts of filuer *Swannes*.
Those two sisters are a paire
Smoth alike, like soft, like faire;
If together they be vewed.
Yet if they a part be shewed,
That you touch, or see, seemes smother,
Softer, fairer, then the other.

That the Colour may delight,
So much red as makes the white,
Purer seeme, is shed among:
And then, here, and there, along,
Runnes a *Saphire-Mine*, whose blew
Shaddowd, makes so braue a shew
On those lillie mounts, as tho,
Beauties simples there did grow.
In the vale, twixt either hill,
Lies Desire in ambush still;
And surprizeth euerie eie,
Which doth that way dare to pry.

There, is sure the twy-top *Hill*,
Where the *Poets*, learne their skill.
Thats *Parnassus* where the *Muses*,
Chast, and wise *Minerva* vses.
Her two Cherrilets are those,
Whence the pleasantst *Nectar* flows:

THE MISTRESSE

And no fruits ere equall'd these,
Fetcht from the *Hesperides*.

Once, as *Cynthia's* games she Chased,
And for Aire, left halfe vniased,
Her light summer-robe of greene,
(Beauties safe, but slender skreene)
Vnawares, I partly spide,
That faire Lillie field vnhid,
Which you may her Belly name;
Yet, nor she, nor I, to blame.
For, it was but what mine eie,
Might behold with modestie.

Tis a faire and matchlesse Plaine,
Where vnknowne Delights remaine,
'Tis the store-house wherin, Pleasure,
Hides the richest of her treasure.
Which, true Modestie (in ward)
Keepes with a continuall guard,
Of such *Virtues*; as shee's sure,
No corruption can allure.

There they say (for mind it well)
I doe this by hearesay, tell,
Growes her *Naueil* which doth seeme,
Like some *Jewel* of esteeme:
With so wondrous cunning wrought,
That an iniury tis thought:

Such

OF PHILARETE.

Such a beauty, with the rest,
(Should vnknowne) be vnexpressed.

Some what else there is, thats hidden;
Which to name I am forbidden:

Neither haue I euer pried,
After that should be vnspied.

Neuer shall my *Maiden-Muse*,
So her selfe, and me abuse,

As to sing what I may feare,
Will offend the Choicest eare.

Though I know, if none be by,
But true friends to Modestie;

I might name each part at will,
And yet no mans thought be ill.

Yet, for feare loose hearers may,
Iudge amisse, if more I say:

Ile descend to shunn all blame,
To the Pillers of this Frame.

Where, though I nere aimed so high,
As her daintie youthfull Thigh;

(Whose rare softnes, smothnes, fulnes,
Being knowne, would reach my dulnes

Such a straine, as might besit,
Some braue *Tuscan Poets* wit)

Once a sawcie bush I spide,
Plucke her filken skirts aside;

THE MISTRESSE

So discovered vnto me,
All those beauties to the knee.
And, before the thornes entanglings,
Had let goe the Silver spanglings,
I perceiud the curious knitting,
Of those ioynts were well befitting;
Such a Noble piece of worke:
Mongst whose turnings, seem'd to lurke,
Much to entertaine the sight,
With new obiects of delight.

Then the Legge for shape as rare,
Will admit of no compare.
Streight it is; the Anckle leanie,
Full the Calfe, but in the meane:
And the slender Foote doth fit,
So each way to suit with it,
As she nothing lesse excells
Therein, then in all things els.
Yea from Head to Foote, her feature,
Shewes her an vnblemisht Creature:
In whom loue with reason, might,
Finds so matchlesse a *Delight*.
That more cannot be acquired,
Nor, a greater blisse desired.

Yet if you will rest an howre,
Vnder yonder shady bowre:

OF PHILARETE,

I, anon my *Muse* will raise
To a higher pitch of praise:
But a while with Raspipe-berries,
Strawberries, ripe Peares, and Cherries,
(Such as these our Groves doe beare)
We will coole our palats there.
And those homely Cates among,
Now and then, a Past'rall Song,
Shall my *Lad*, here, sing, and play:
Such, as you had yesterday.

A *Lad whose faith will constant proue,
And neuer know an end:*

*Late by an oversight in loue,
Displeas'd his dearest friend.*

*For which, incens'd shee did retake,
The fauours which he wore;
And said, he neuer for her sake,
Should weare, or see them more.*

*The griefe whereof, how neere it went,
And how unkindly tooke;
Was figur'd by the discontent,
Appearing in his looke.*

THE MISTRESSE

*At first, he could not silence breake,
(So heany sorrow lay)
But when his sighs gaue way to speake,
Thus, sadly did he say.*

*My onely Deare; and wish that speech,
Not able to sustaine,
The floods of grieife at sorrowes breach;
He paus'd awhile againe.
At length (nigh fainting) did expresse,
These words, with much adoe;
Oh deare! let not my loues excesse,
Me, and my loue vndoe.*

*Shee, little moued with his paine,
His much distraction eyde;
And changing loue, into disdain,
Thus (still unkind) replide:
Forbeare to vige one kindnesse more,
Vnlesse you long to see,
The good respect you had before,
At once all lost in me.*

*With that, dismayd, his suit he ceast,
And, downe his head he hung:
And, as his Reasons strength decreast,
His passion grew more strong.*

But

OF PHILARETE.

But, seeing shee did fight his mone
(With Willow Garlands wreath'd)
He sate him downe, and all alone,
This sad complaint he brea'h'd.

Oh Heauens! Quoth he, Why doe we spend,
Endeaours thus in vaine;
Since what the Fates doe fore-intend,
They neuer change againe?
Nor Faith, nor Loue, nor true Desert,
Nor all that man can doe,
Can winne him place within her heart,
That is not borne thereto.

Why doe I fondly waste my youth,
In secret sighs, and teares?
Why to preserue a spotlesse truth,
Taste I, so many cares?
For, women that no worth respect,
Doe so vngentle prove;
That some shall winne by their neglect,
What others lose with loue.

Those, that haue for the best at naught,
And no man could enioy;
At last, by some base Gull are caught,
And gotten with a toy.

Tea,

THE MISTRESSE

Yea, they that spend an ages light,
Their fauours to obtaine;
For one unwilling ouersight,
May loose them all againe.

How glad, and faine, alas would I,
For her haue underwent,
The greatest care, ere she should trie,
The smallest discontent?
Yet she, that may my life command,
And doth those passions know,
Denieth me a poore demaund,
In height of all my woe.

Oh, if the Noblest of her time,
And best belov'd of me;
Could for so poore, so slight a crime,
So voyd of pitie be.
Sure, had it beene some common one,
Whose patience I had tride;
No wonder I had been undone,
Or unforginen di'de.

A thousand lines I would haue layd,
So well I once beleeu'd,
She would haue dain'd to lend me ayd,
If she had seene me green'd.

But

OF PHILARETE.

But now, I live to see the day,
Where I presumed so;
I neither dare for pitie pray,
Nor tell her of my woe.

Yet, let not poore despised heart,
Her worth ought question'd be;
Hadst thou not sayled in desert,
Shee had not failed thee.

But least perhaps, they flout thy mone,
That should esteeme thee deare;
Goe, make it by thy selfe alone,
Where none may come to heare.

Still keepe thy forehead crown'd with smiles,
What passion ere thou trie;
That none may laugh at thee the whiles,
Thou discontented lye.

And let no wrong, by change distaine
A Love so truly faire:
But rather, neuer hope againe,
And thou shalt ne're despaire.

O'rety'd

THE MISTRESSE

2

O Retyr'd by cruell passions that oppresse me,
 (Wuh heart nigh broken, Time no hope would giue
 Upon my bed I laid mee downe to rest me; me)
 And gentle sleepe, I wooed to releene me.
 But oh alas! I found that on the morrow
 My sleeping Ioyes, brought forth my waking Sorrow.

For loe, a dreame I had so full of pleasure,
 That to possesse, what to embrace I seemed,
 Could not effect my Ioy in higher measure,
 Then now it grieues mee, that I haue but dreamed.
 Oh let my dreames be sighs and teares hereafter:
 So, if that sleeping weepe, may wake in laughter.

Faine would I tell, how much that suddow pleas'd me;
 But tongue and pen, want words, and art in telling.
 Yet, this Ile say, to shew what horror fear'd me;
 (When I was rob'd of blisse, so much excell'g)
 Might all my dreames be such, oh let me neuer
 Awake againe: but sleepe, and dreame for euer.

For, when I waking saw my selfe deceiu'd,
 And what an inward Hell it had procured,

OF PHILARETE.

To finde my selfe of all my hopes bereaued,
Is brought on passions not to be endured:
And, knew I; next night had such dreames in keeping,
I'de make my eyes, forswear, for euer sleeping.

3

You wooddy Hills, you Dales, you Groues,
You Floods, and euery Spring,
You Creatures come, whom nothing moues,
And heare a Shepheard sing.
For, to Heroës, Nymphes, and Swaines,
I long haue made my mone:
Yet, what my mournfull Verse containes,
Is understood of none.

In Song, APOLLO gaue me skill,
Their loue, his Sisters daine.
With those, that haunt Pernassus hill,
I friendship entertaine.
Yet, this is all in vaine to me,
So haplesely I fare,
As those things which my glory be,
My cause of ruine, are.

THE MISTRESSE

For, Loue hath kindled in my brest,
His neuer quenched fire :
And I, who often haue exprest,
What other men desire,
(Because I could so diue into,
The depth of others mone)
Now, I my owne affliction show,
I heeded am, of none.

Oft haue the Nymphs of greatest worth,
Made sute my Songs to heare.
As oft (when I haue sighed forth,
Such notes as saddest were)
Alas ! said they, poore gentle heart,
Who ere that Shepheard be :
But, none of them suspectts my smart,
nor thinkes, it meaneth me.

When I haue reacht so high a straine,
Of passion in my Song;
That they, haue seene the teares to raine
And trill my cheek along:
Insteed of sigh, or weeping eye,
To sympathize with me;
Oh, were he once in loue, they crie,
How mouing would he be?

OF PHILARETES.

Oh pitie me, you Powers above,
And take my skill away:
Or, let my hearers thinke I loue,
And saine not what I say.
For, if I could disclose the smart,
Which I vnknowne doe beare;
Each line would make them sighs impart,
And euery word, a teare.

Had I a Mistresse, some doe thinke,
Shee should reuealed be;
And I would fauors weare, or drinke
Her Health vpon my Knee.
Alas poore fooles! they ayme awry,
Their fancy flags too low:
Could they my lones rare course espie,
They would amazed grow.

But, let nor Nymph nor Swaine conceine,
My tongue shall euer tell,
Who of this rest, doth mee bereane;
Or where I am not well.
But, if you sighing me espie,
Where rarest features be;
Marke, where I fixe a weeping eye,
And sweare you, There is shee.

THE MISTRESSE

Yet, ere my eyes betray me shall,
Ile swell, and burst with paine:
And, for each drop they would let fall,
My heart shall bleed me twaine.
For, since my soule more sorrow beares,
Then common Lovers know,
I scorne, my passions should like theirs,
A common humour show.

Eare, neuer heard of, heretofore,
Of any Loue like mine.
Nor shall there be for evermore,
Affection so diuine.
And, that to faine it, none may try,
When I dissolu'd must be;
The first I am, it liued by,
And die it shall, with me.

BOY, h'a done; for now my braine
Is inspir'd afresh againe,
And new Raptures pressing are,
To be sung in praise of her:
Whose faire Picture lieth nigh,
Quite vnuail'd to eu'ry eye.

No

OF PHILARETE.

No small fauour hath it beene,
That such Beautie might be seene:
Therefore, euer may they rue it,
Who with euill eyes shall view it.
Yea, what ancient stories tell,
Once to rude *Acteon* fell,
(When with euill thoughts, he stood
Eyeing *Cynthia* in the Flood)
May that fatall horned curse,
Light vpon them; or a worse.

But (what euer others be)
Lest some fault be found in me,
If vnperfect this remaine;
I will ouer-trym't againe.
Therefore, turne where we begun:
And now all is ouerrunne.
Marke, if euery thing exprest,
Sute not so vnto the rest,
As if *Nature* would prefer,
All perfections, vnto her.
Wherefore seemes it strange to any,
That they daily see so many,
Who were else most perfect Creatures,
In some one part, want true features?
Since, from all the fair'st that liue,
Nature tooke the best, to giue

F

Her

THE MISTRESSE

Her pefection in each part.
I, alone, except her heart;
For, among all woman-kind,
Such as hers, is hard to find.

If you truely note her Face,
You fhall find it hath a grace,
Neither wanton, nor ore serious;
Nor too yeelding, nor imperious;
But, with fuch a feature blest,
It is that, which pleafeth beft;
And delight's each fev'ral eye,
That affects with modetty.
Lowlineffe, hath in her looke,
Equall place with Greatnes tooke.
And, if *Beautie* (any where)
Claimes Prerogatives, tis there.
For, at once, thus much twill doe,
Threat, command, perfwade, and wooe.

In her *Speech* there is not found,
Any harfh, vnpleafing found.
But a well befeeming power;
Neither higher, neither lower,
Then will fute with her perfection,
Tis the Loadftone of Affection.
And, that man, whose iudging eyes,
Could well found fuch myfteries,

Would

OF PHILARETE.

Would in loue, make her, his choice;
Though he did but heare her voice.
For, such accents, breath not, whence
Beautie keeps *Non-residence*.
Neuer word of hers, I heare,
But tis Musicke to mine eare:
And, much more contentment brings,
Then the sweetly-touched strings,
Of the pleasing Lute, whose straines,
Rauish hearers when it plaines.

Rais'd by her Discourse, I flie,
In contented thoughts so high,
That I passe the common measures,
Of the dulled Senses pleasures:
And, leaue farre below my flight,
Vulgar pitches of delight.

If Shee smile, and merry be,
All about her, are as she.
For, each looker on, takes part
Of the ioy that's in her heart.

If Shee grieve, or you but spie,
Sadnesse peeping through her eye;
Such a grace it seemes to borrow,
That you'l fall in loue with sorrow:
And abhorre the name of Mirth,
As the hatefullst thing on earth.

THE MISTRESSE

Should I see her shed a teare,
My poore eyes would melt, I feare.
For, much more in Hers appeares,
Then in other womens teares:
And her looke, did neuer faine
Sorrow, where there was no paine.

Seldome hath she beene espide
So impatient as to chide:

For, if any see her so,
They'l in loue with anger grow.

Sigh, or speake, or smile, or talke,
Sing, or weepe, or sit, or walke,

Euery thing that shee doth doe,
Decent is, and lovely too.

Each part that you shall behold,
Hath within it selfe inrold,

What you could desire to see,
(Or your heart conceiue to be)

Yet, if from that part your eye,
Mouing shall another spye:

There you see as much or more,
Then you thought to praise before.

While the eye surueyes it, you
Will imagine that her *Brow*

Hath all beautie; when her *Cheeks*,
You behold, it is as like

To

OF PHILARETE.

To be deemed fairest too,
 (So much there can Beautie doe)
 Looke but thence vpon her eye,
 And you wonder by and by,
 How there may be any where,
 So much worthy praise as there.
 Yet, if you suruey her Brest,
 Then as freely you'l protest,
 That in them perfection is;
 Though (I know) that one poore kisse,
 From her tempting Lips, would then,
 Make all that forsworne agen.
 For, the selfe same moouing grace,
 Is at once in euery place.

She, her Beautie neuer foyles,
 With your oyntments, waters, oyles,
 Nor no loathsome *Fucus* settles,
 Mixt with *Iewish* fasting spetles.
 Faire by *Natura*, being borne,
 She doth borrowed beautie scorne.
 Who so kisses her, needs feare
 No vnwholesome varnish there.
 For, from thence he onely sips,
 The pure *Nectar*, of her lips.
 And at once with these he closes,
 Melting Rubies, Cherries, Roses.

THE MISTRESSE

Then, in her behaviour, she
Stripeth but her selfe to be.
Keeping such a decent state,
As (indeed) she seemes to hate
Precious leasure should be spent,
In abused Complement.
Though she knowes what other doe,
(And can all their Courtship toe)
She, is not in so ill case,
As to need their borrowed grace.

Her Discourses sweetned are,
With a kind of artlesse care,
That expresseth greater Art;
Then affected words impart.
So, her gestures (being none,
But that freenesse which alone,
Suits the brauenesse of her mind)
Make, her, of her selfe, to find,
Postures more becoming far,
Then the meere acquired, are.

If you marke, when for her pleasure,
Shee vouchsafes to foot a *Measure*,
Though, with others skill, she pace,
Ther's a sweet delightfull grace,
In her selfe; which doth prefer,
Art, beyond that Art, in her,

Neither

OF PHILARETE.

Neither needs she beat her wit,
To deuise what dressings fit.
Her complexion, and her feature,
So beholding are to Nature;
If she in the Fashions goe,
All the reason she doth so,
Is ; because she would not erre,
In appearing singuler.

Doubtlesse, not for any thought,
That 'twill perfect her, in ought.

Many a dainty-seeming *Dame*,
Is in natiue Beauties lame.

Some, are graced by their Tyres;
As their Quouifs, their Hats, their Wyres.

One, a Ruffe doth best become;
Falling-Bands much altreth some.

And their fauours, oft, we see,
Changed as their dressings be.

Which, her Beautie neuer feares:
For, it graceth all she weares.

If ye note her Tyre to day,
That, doth sute her best, you'l say.

Marke, what she next morne doth weare;
That, becomes her best, you'l sweare.

Yea, as oft as her you see;
Such new graces, still there be:

THE MISTRESSE

As, she euer seemeth grac't,
Most by that, she weareth last.
Though, it be the same wore,
But the very day before.

When she takes her Tyers about her,
(Neuer halfe so rich without her)
At the putting on of them,
You may liken euery Iem,
To those lamps, which at a play,
Are set vp to light the day:
For, their lustre addes no more,
To what *Titan* gaue before;
Neither doth their pretty gleamings,
Hinder ought, his greater beamings.
And yet (which is strange to me)
When those costly deckings be,
Laid away; there seemes descried,
Beauties, which those Vailes did hide.
And, she looke, as doth the Moone,
Past some Clowd through which she shone
Or, some *Jewell Watch*, whose Case,
Set with *Diamonds*, seemes to grace
What it doth containe within;
Till the curious worke be seene,
Then; tis found, that costly shining;
Did but hinder tothers shining.

If

OF PHILARETE.

If you chance to be in place,
When her Mantle she doth grace,
You would presently protest,
Irish dressings were the best.
If againe she lay it downe,
While you view her in a gowne:
And how those her dainty limbs,
That close-bodied garment trims.
You would sweare, and sweare agen:
She appeared loueliest then.

But, if she so truly faire,
Should vntie her shining haire,
And at length, that treasure shed;
Ioues endured *Ganimed*,
Neither *Cythereas* Ioy,
Nor the sweet selfe-louing *Boy*,
(Who in beauty did surpass) *Boy*,
Nor the fair'st that euer was:
Could, to take you prisoner bring,
Lookes so sweetly conquering.

She, excells her, whom *Appollo*,
Once with weeping eyes did follow.
Or that *Nymph*, who shut in Towers,
Was beguild with golden showers;
Yea, and She, whose loue was wont,
To swime ore the *Hellisfont*.

For

THE MISTRESSE

For her sake (though in attire,
Fittest to enflame desire)
Seem'd not halfe so faire to be,
Nor so louely, as is she.
For, the man whose happy eye,
Viewes her in full Maiesty:
Knowes, she hath a power that mooues,
More then doth the Queene of Loues,
When she vseth all her power,
To inflame her Paramour.

And, sometime I doe admire,
All men burne not with desire.
Nay, I muse her seruants are not
Pleading ioue; but oh they dare not.
And, I therefore wonder, why
They doe not grow sicke, and die.

Sure they would doe so, but that
By the ordinance of *Fate*,
There is some concealed thing,
So, each gazer limiting;
He can see no more of merit,
Then beseemes his worth, and spirit.
For, in her a *Grace* there shines,
That o're-daring thoughts confines;
Making worthlesse men dispaire,
To be lou'd of one so faire.

Yea,

OF PHILARETE.

Yea, the *Destinies* agree,
 Some good iudgments blind should be,
 And not gaine the power of knowing
 Those rare Beauties in her growing.
Reason doth as much imply :
 For, if euery iudging eye,
 (Which beholdeth her) should there,
 Find what excellencies are :
 All, orecome by those perfections,
 Would be captiue to affections.
 So, in happinesse vnblest ;
 Shee, for Louers, should not rest.
 This, well heeding, thinke vpon :
 And, if there be any one,
 Who alloweth not the worth,
 Which my *Muse* hath painted forth,
 Held it no defect in her ;
 But, that hee's ordaind to erre,
 Or, if any female wight,
 Should detract from this I write,
 Shee, I yeeld, may shew her wit,
 But disparage her no whit.
 For, on earth few women be,
 That from Enuies touch are free.
 And, who euer, *Envy* knew,
 Yeeld those honours that were due :

Though

THE MISTRESSE

Though sometime my *Song* I raise,
To vnused heights of praise,
(And breake forth as I shall please.
Into strange *Hyperboles*)

Tis to shew, Conceit hath found,
Worth, beyond expressions bound.
Though, her breath I doe compare,
To the sweet'st perfumes that are;
Or, her Eies that are so bright,
To the mornings cheerefull light.

Yet, I doe it not so much,
To inferre that she is such;
As to shew, that being blest,
With what meritts name of best,
She appeares more faire to me,
Then all Creatures' else that be.

Her true beauty leaues behind,
Apprehensions in my mind,
Of more sweetnes then all Art,
Or inuentions can impart.
Thoughts, too deepe to be exprest,
And too strong to be suppress.
Which, oft raiseth my conceits,
To so vnbeleued heights;
That (I feare) some shallow braine,
Thinks my *Muses* doe but faine.

Sure

THE MISTRESSE

Sure, he wrongs them if he doe:
 For, could I haue reached to
 So like Straines, as these you see;
 Had there beene no such as *She*?
 Is it possible that I,
 Who scarce heard of *Poesie*;
 Should a meere *Idea* raise,
 To as true a pitch of praise,
 As the learned *Poets* could,
 Now, or in the times of old;
 All those reall-beauties bring,
 Honord by their *Sonnetting*?
 (Hauing Arts, and fauors to,
 More t'encourage what they doe)
 No; if I had neuer seene,
 Such a beauty; I had beene
Piping in the Country shades,
 To the homely *Dary-maides*:
 For a Country Fidlers fees;
 Clouted creame, & bread and cheefe.

I no skill in *Numbers* had,
 More then euery Shepherds *Lad*,
 Till *She* taught me, *Straines* that were,
 Pleasing to her gentle eare.
 Her faire splendor, and her worth,
 From obscurenes, drew me forth,

IgnorT

77

And

THE MISTRESSE

And, because I had no *Muse*,
Shee her selfe daignd to infuse
All the skill, by which I clime,
To these praises in my *Ryme*.
Which, if she had pleasd to add,
To that Art sweet *Drayton* had,
Or that happy Swaine that shall
Sing *Britanias Pastorall*;
Or to theirs, whose *Verse* set forth
Rosalind, and *Stella's* worth;
They had doubled all their skill,
Gained on *Apollos* Hill:
And, as much more set her forth,
As I'me short of them in worth.
They, had vnto heights aspired,
Might haue iustly been admired;
And, in such braue Straines had moued,
As of all had been approued.

I, must praise her as I may;
Which I doe mine owne rude way:
Sometime setting forth her glories,
By vnheard of *Allegories*.
Thinke not, tho, my *Muse* now sings,
Meere absurd, or fained things.
If to gold I like her Haire,
Or, to Starres, her Eyes so faire:

Though

THE MISTRESSE

Though I praise her Skin by snow,
Or, by Pearles, her double-Row :
Tis, that you might gather thence,
Her vnmatched excellence.

Eyes, as faire (for eyes) hath she
As starres faire, for starres may be.
And, each part as faire doth show,
In it kind, as white in Snow.

Tis no grace to her at all,
If her Haire I *Sunne-beames* call :
For, were there a power in Art,
So to pourtrait euery part,
All men might those beauties see,
As they doe appeare to me.
I would scorne to make compare
With the glorioust things that are.

Nought I ere saw, faire enow,
But the Haire, the haire to show.
Yet, some thinke him ouerbold,
That compares it but to Gold.
He, from Reason seemes to erre,
Who commending of his Deare,
Gives her Lips the Rubies hue,
Or by Pearles her Teeth doth shew.
But what Pearles, what Rubies can,
Seeme so louely faire, to man,

As

THE MISTRESSE

As her Lipps whom he doth loue,
When in sweet discourse they moue?
Or her lowelier Teeth the while,
She doth blesse him with a smile.

Starres indeed, faire Creatures be:
Yet, amongst vs, where is he,
Ioyes not more the while he lies,
Sunning in his *Mistresse* Eies,
Then in all the glimmering light,
Of a starrie winters night?

Him to flatter, most suppose,
That prefers before the Rose
Or the Lillies, (while they grow)
Or the flakes of new-falne suow;
Her complexion whom he loueth:
And yet, this my *Muse* approueth.
For, in such a beauty, meets
Vnexpressed mouing sweets;
That, (the like vnto them) no man,
Euer saw but in a *Woman*.
Looke on *Moons*, on *Starres*, on *Sunne*,
All Gods Creatures ouer-runne.
See, if all of them presents,
To your mind, such sweet contents:
Or, if you from them can take,
Ought that may a beauty make,

Shall

OF PHILARETE.

Shall one halfe so pleasing proue,
As is *Hers*, whom you doe loue.
For indeed, if there had beene
Other mortall Beauties seene,
Obiects for the loue of man,
Vaine was their creation than.
Yea, if this could well be granted,
Adam might his *Eue* haue wanted.
But a woman is the Creature,
Whose proportion with our nature
Best agrees; and whose perfections,
Sympathize with our affections:
And not onely finds our Senses,
Pleasure in their excellencies.
But our Reason also knowes,
Sweetnesse in them, that outgoes
Humane wit to comprehend,
Much more, truely, to commend.

Note, the Beautie of any Eye;
And, if ought you praise it by,
Leaue such passion in your mind,
Let my *Reasons* eye be blind.
Marke, if euer red or white,
Any where, gaue such delight,
As when they haue taken place,
In a worthy womans face.

THE MISTRESSE

He that so much hath not noted,
Will not: or is growne besotted.

Such as Louers are, conceaue,
What impressions Beauty leaue;
And those Hearts, that fire haue took,
By a loue-enflaming looke:
Those, beleue, what here I say;
And, suppose not that I stray,
In a word, by setting foorth
Any praise beyond true worth.

And yet, wherefore should I care,
What anothers Censures are,
Since I know her to be such,
As no praise can be too much?
All that see her, will agree,
In the selfe same mind with me;
If their wit be worth the hauing,
Or their Iudgement merrit crauing.
And the man that kens her not,
Speaks, at best, he knowes not what:
So, his Enuy, or good will.
Neither doth her good, nor ill.

Then, Fooles cauls I disdaine,
And, call backe my *Muse* againe,
To decipher out the rest.
For, I haue too long digrest.

This

OF PHILARETE.

This is *Shée*, in whom there meets,
All varietie of sweets.
An *Epitomie*, of all,
That on earth we Faire may call.
Nay, yet more I dare auer :
He that is possest of her,
Shall at once all pleasure find,
That is reapt from *Woman-kind*.

Oh, what man would further range,
That in one might finde such change ?
What dull eye such worth can see,
And not sworne a Louer be ?
Or, from whence was he, could proue,
Such a Monster in his loue ;
As, in thought, to vse amisse,
Such vnequall worth as this ?
Pitie 'twere that such a Creature,
Phenix-like, for matchlesse feature,
Should so suffer; or be blamed,
With what now the Times are shamed.

Beautie (vnto me diuine)
Makes my honest thoughts encline,
Vnto better things, then that,
Which the Vulgar aymeth at,
And, I vow, I grieue to see,
Any Faire, and false to be :

THE MISTRESSE

Or, when I sweet pleasures find,
Matcht with a defiled mind.
But (aboue all others) *Her*,
So much doth my soule prefer;
That to Him whose ill desire,
Should so nurse a lawlesse Fire,
As to tempt, to that, which might
Dimme her sacred Virtues light;
I could wish that he might die
Ere he did it; though 'twere I.
For, if *Shee* should hap to stray,
All this Beautie would away:
And not her alone vndoe,
But kill him, that prais'd her to.
But, I know her *Maker* will
Keepe her vndistained still:
That ensuing Ages may
Patterne out, by her the way
To all goodnesse, And if *Fate*
That appoints all things a Date
Heare me would; I'de wish that *She*
Might for aye preserued be.
And that neither wasting Cares,
Neither all-consuming Yeares,
Might, from what she is, estrange her,
Or in mind, or body change her.

For,

OF PHILARETE.

For, oh why should enuious *Time*,
Perpetrate so vile a Crime,
As to waste, or wrong, or staine,
What shall ne're be matcht againe?

Much I *Hope*, it shall not be:
For, if Loue deceiue not me,
To that height of Faire she growes,
Age, or Sicknesse (Beauties foes)
Cannot so much wrong there,
But enough there will appeare,
Euer worthy to be lou'd:
And, that heart shall more be mou'd,
(Where there is a iudging eye)
With those prints it doth espie,
Of her beautie wrongd by *Time*,
Then by others, in their prime.

One aduantage shee hath more,
That adds grace to all before.
It is this; her Beauties fame,
Hath not done her honour shame,
For, where Beautie we doe find,
Enuy still is so vnkind,
That, although their *Vertues* are
Such, as passe their Beauties farre;
Yet on *Slanders* rocks they be
Shipwrackt oftentimes, we see:

THE MISTRESSE

And are subiect to the wrongs,
Of a thousand spightfull tongues,
When the greatest fault they had,
Was, that some would make them bad;
And not finding them for action,
Sought for vengeance, by detraction.

But her beauty sure no tongue,
Is so villanous to wrong.
Neuer did the Iealoust care,
Any muttering rumor heare,
That might cause the least suspects,
Of indifferent defects.
And (which somewhat stranger is)
They, whose slanders few can misse,
(Though set on by euill will,
And habituated ill)
Nothing can of her inuent,
Whence to frame disparagement.

Which, if we respect the Crimes,
Of these loose iniurious times;
Doth not only truly proue,
Great discretion in her loue:
And, that she hath lin'd vpright,
In each iealous tongues dispight.
But, it must be vnderstood,
That her priuate thoughts are good.

Yea

OF PHILARETE.

Yea, tis an apparant signe,
That her beautie is Diuine;
And, that *Angels* haue a care,
Mens polluting tongues should spare
To defile, what God hath giuen,
To be deare to Earth, and Heauen.

Tell me you that heare me now;
Is there any one of you,
Wanteth feeling of affection?
Or that loues not such perfection?
Can there be so dull an eare,
As of so much worth to heare;
And not seriously incline,
To this Saint-like friend of mine?
If there be; the fault doth lie,
In my artlesse *Poesy*.

For, If I could reach the Straine,
Which me thinks I might obtaine;
Or, but make my Measures flie,
Equall with my fantasie;
I would not permit an eare,
To attend vnrauisht heere;
If, but so much sence it knew,
As the blocks, that *Orpheus* drew.

Thinke on this discription, well,
And, your noblest *Ladies* tell;

THE MISTRESSE

Which of you (that worth can see)
This my *Mistresse* would not be :

You braue *English*, who haue run,
From the rising of the *Sun* :
Till in travelling you found,
Where he doth conclude his Round.
You, that haue the beauties scene,
Which in farthest Lands haue beene,
And suruaid the faire resorts,
Of the *French* and *Spanish* Courts :
(With the best that *Fame* renownes,
In the rich *Trans-Alpine* Townes)
Doe not with our brainelesse Fry,
(That admire each nouelty)
Wrong your Countries fame in ought,
But, here freely speake your thought ;
And I durst presume youle sweare,
Shée's not matched any where.

Gallants, you that would so faine,
Nymphs and *Ladies* loues obtaine.
You, that strue to serue and please,
Fairest *Queenes* and *Empresses*.
Tell me this, and tell me right ;
If you would not (so you might)
Leaue them all dispis'd to proue,
What contents are in her loue?

Could

OF PHILARETE.

Could your Fathers euer tell,
Of a *Nymph* did more excell?
Or hath any storie told,
Of the like, in times of old?
Dido was not such a one.
Nor the *Trojans* Paragone.
Though they so much fauour found,
As to haue their honors crown'd,
By the best of *Poets* pennis,
Euer knowne before, or since.

For, had *Dido* beene so faire,
Old *Anchises* noble heire;
Ioues command had disobaid;
And with her in *Carthage* staid:
Where, he would haue quite forswore,
Seeing the *Launian* Shore.
Or, had *Ledas* Daughter beene,
(When she was the *Spartan* Queene)
Equall with this louely-one,
Menelaus had neuer gone,
From her sight so farre away,
As to leaue her for a pray;
And his roome, to be possesst,
By her wanton *Phrigian* guest.

But, least yet among you, some,
Thinke she may behind these, come!

Stay

THE MISTRESSE

Stay a little more, and here me:
In another straine Ile reare me.
Ile vnmasque a beauty, now,
Which to kisse, the Gods may bow.
And so feelingly did moue,
That your soules shall fall in loue.

I haue yet, the best behind;
Her most faire, vnequall, *Minde*.
This, that I haue here exprest,
Is but that, which vailles the rest.
An incomparable shrine,
Of a Beauty more diuine.

Whereof, ere I farther speake,
Off againe, my *Song* Ile breake.
And, if you among the Roses,
(Which, yon quickset hedge incloses)
Will with plucking flowres, beguile
Tedious-seeming Time awhile;
Till I step to yonder Greene,
(Whence the sheep so plaine are seen)
I, wilbe returned, ere
You an howre haue stayd there.
And, excuse me now, I pray,
Though I rudely goe away.
For, Affaires I haue to doe:
Which, vnlesse I looke into;

OF PHILARETE.

I may sing out Summer here,
Like the idle Grasshopper,
And at Winter, hide my head,
Or else fast, till I am dead.

Yet if Rusticke *Past'rall Measures*,
Can ought adde vnto your pleasures;
I will leaue you some of those,
Which, it pleas'd me to compose,
When despairing fits were ouer;
And I made a happy *Louer*,
Exercis'd my louing passion,
In an other kind of fashion,
Then to vtter, I deuised,
When I fear'd to be despised.

Those; shall lye in gage for me,
Till I backe returned be.

And, in writing; here, you haue them:
Either Sing, or Read, or leaue them,

Sonnet 1.

Ad mire not Shepheards Boy,
Why I my Pipe forbear,
My sorrowes, and my iay,
Beyond expression are.

THE MISTRESSE

Though others may,
In Songs display
Their passions, when they wooe:
Yet, mine doe flie,
A pitch too high,
For words to reach vnto.

If such weake thoughts as those,
With others fancies moue,
Or, if my breast did close,
But common Straines of Loue:
Or passions store,
Learnd me no more,
To feele then others doe:
I'de paine my cares,
As blacke as theirs,
And teach my Lynes to wooe,

But oh! thrice happy yee,
Whose meane conceit is dull;
You from those thoughts are free,
That stuffe my breast so full:
My lones excesse,
Lets to expresse,
What Songs are vsed to:

And

OF PHILARETE.

And my delights,
Take such high flights,
My loyes will mee undoe.

I haue a Loue that's faire,
Rich, Wise, and Nobly borne;
Shee's true Perfections heire,
Holds nought but Vice in scorne.

A heart to find,
More chaste, more kind,
Our Plaines affoord no moe.
Of her degree;
No blab Ile be,
For doubt, some Prince should wooe.

And yet I doe not feare,
(Though shee my meannesse knowes)
The Willow Branch to weare,
No, nor the yellow hose.

For, if great Ioue,
Should sue for lone,
Shee would not me forgoe:
Resort I may,
By night or day.
Which brauer, dare not doe.

Tom

THE MISTRESS

You Gallants, borne to pelfe,
To Lands, to Titles store;
I me borne but to my Selfe,
Nor doe I care for more.

Adde to your earth,
Wealth, Honors, Birth,
And all you can thereto;
You cannot proue,
That height of Love,
Which, I in meanneſſe doe.

Great Men haue helpeſ to gaine,
Thoſe fauours they implore;
Which, though I winne with paine,
I finde my ioyes the more.

Each Clowne may riſe,
And climbe the Skies,
When he hath found a Staire:
But ioy to him,
That dares to climbe,
And hath no helpe, but ayre.

Some ſay, that Love repents,
Where Fortunes diſagree;
I know the highſt contents,

From

THE MISTRESSE

*From low beginnings be.
My loue's unfain'd,
To her that daign'd,
From Greatnesse, stoope thereto.
Shce loues, cause I,
So meane, dar'd trie,
Her better worth to wooe.*

*And yet although much ioy,
My Fortune seemes to blesse;
Tis mixt with more annoy,
Then I shall ere expresse:
For, with much paine
Did I obtaine,
The Iem Ile nere forgoe:
Which, yet I dare
Nor shew, nor weare;
And that breeds all my woe.*

*But fie, my foolish tongue,
How loosely now it goes!
First, let my Knell be rung,
Ere I doe more disclose.
Mounts thoughts on high;
Cease words, for why:
My meaning to diuine:*

THE MISTRESSE

To those I leaue,
That can conceiue,
So braue a Loue as mine.

And now, no more Ile sing,
Among my fellow Swaines :
Nor Groues, nor Hilles shall ring,
With Ecchoes of my plaines.

My Measures be,
Confus'd (you see)
And will not sute thereto :
Cause, I haue more,
Braue thoughts in store,
Then words can reach vnto.

Sonnet. 2.

Hence away, you Syrens, leaue me,
And unclaspe your wanton Armes;
Sugred words shall ne're deceiue me,
(Though thou proue a thousand Charmes)
Fie, fie, forbear;
No common snare,
Could euer my affection chaine :
Your painted baits,
And poore deceits,
Are all bestowed on me, in vaine.

OF PHILARETE.

I'me no flane, to such as you be;
Neither shall a snowy Brest,
Wanton Eye, or Lip of Ruby,
Euer robb me, of my rest.

Goe, goe, display,
Your Beauties ray,
To some ore-soone enamour'd Swaine.

Those common wiles,
Of sighs and smiles;
Are all bestowed on me, in vaine.

I haue elsewhere, vowed a dutie;
Turne away thy tempting eyes.
Shew not me, a naked Beautie,
Those Impostures, I despise.

My Spirit lothes,
Where gawdy clothes,
And fained Othes, may loue obtaine.

I loue Her so,
Whose looke, sweares No;
That, all your labours will be vaine.

Can he prize the tainted Posies,
Which on enery brest are worne;
That may plucke the spotlesse Roses,
From their newer-tonched Thorne?

H

I can

THE MISTRESSE

I can goe rest,
On her sweet Brest;
That is the pride of Cynthia's traine,
Then hold your tongues,
Your Mermaid Songs,
Are all bestow'd on me in vaine.

Hee's a foole, that basely dallies,
Where each Peasant mates with him,
Shall I haunt the thronged Vallies,
Whilst ther's noble Hills to climbe?
No, no, though Clownes
Are skard with frownes,
I know the best can but disdain:
And t'ose Ile proue;
So shall your Love
Be all bestowed, on me in vaine.

Yet, I would not digne embraces,
With the greatest-fairest Shee,
If another shar'd those graces,
Which had beene bestowed on Me;
I gaue that One,
My Love, where none,
Shall come to robb me of my gaine.

Your

OF PHILARETE.

*Your sickle Hearts
Makes Teares, and Arts,
And all, bestowed on me in vaine.*

*I doe scorne, to vow a Dutie,
VVhere each lustfull Lad may wooe:
Giue me Her, whose Sun-like Beantie,
Buzzards dare not soare vnto.*

*Shee, shee it is,
Affords that Blisse,
For which, I would refuse no paine.*

*But such as you,
Fond fooles adue;
You seeke to captiue me in vaine.*

*Proud she seem'd in the beginning,
And disdain'd my looking on:
But, that coy one in the winning,
Proues a true one being wonne.*

*VVhat ere betide,
Sheel nere diuide,
The fauour shee to me shall daigne.*

*But, your fond lone,
Will sickle proue:
And all that trust in you, are vaine.*

H

Therefore

THE MISTRESSE

Therefore know, when I enjoy One,
(And for lone employ my breath)
Since I Court shall be a Coy one,
Though I winne her with my death.

A fauour there,
Few ayme at dare.
And if perhaps, some Louer plaine,
Shee is not wonne,
Nor I vndone,
By placing of my loue in vaine.

Leaue me then, you Syrens leaue me;
Sceke no more to worke my harmes:
Craftie wiles cannot deceiue me;
Who am prooffe against your Charmes.

You labour may,
To lead astray,
The heart, that constant shall remaine:
And I the while,
Will sit and smile,
To see you spend your time in vaine.

Sonnet 3.

WHen Philomela with her straines,
The Spring had welcom'd in;

And

OF PHILARETE.

And Flora, to bestrow the Plaines,
With Daylies did begin:

My Loue, and I (on whom suspicious eyes,
Had set a thousand spies)

To cosen Argos strone;

And scene of none,

We got alone,

Into a shady Grove.

On euery Bush, the Eglantine,

with leaues perfumed hung.

The Primrose, made the hedge some fine,

The woods, of Musicke rung.

The Earth, the Aire, & all things did conspire

To raise contentment higher.

That, had I come to wooe:

Nor meanes of grace,

Nor time, nor place,

Were wanting therunto.

With hand in hand, alone we walk,

And oft each other eyde.

Of Loue, and passions past, we talke,

Which our poore hearts had tride.

Our soules, insu'd into each other were:

And, what may be hence care,

THE MISTRESSE

Did my more sorrow breed.

One mind we bore;

One Faith we swore:

And both in one agreed.

Her daintie Palme, I gently prest,

And with her Lips I plaid.

My Cheeke, upon her panting Brest,

And on her Necke I laid.

And yet, we had no sense of wanton lust;

Nor, did we then mistrust,

I be pay for in the sweet.

Our Bodies wrought

So close, we thought,

Because our Soules should meet.

With pleasant toyle, we by easie grew;

And kist in warmer blood;

Vpon her Lips, the Honey-dew,

Like drops on Roses flood;

And on those Flowers plaid I the basie Bed;

Whose sweets, were such to me,

Them could I not forget.

No, nor to feare, nor to shun;

On Venus Brest, I lay,

Whence Streams of sweetnesse flow.

But

OF PHILARETE.

But, kissing and embracing, we
So long together lay;
Her touches all inflamed me,
And I began to stray.

My hands, presum'd so farre, they were too bold.

My tongue, unwisely told,
How much my heart was chang'd.

And Virtue quite,
Was put to flight,
Or, for the time estrang'd.

Oh! what are we, if in our strength,
Wee over boldly trust?

The strongest forts, will yeeld at length,
And so our Virtues must.

In Me, no force of Reason had preuaild;
If shee had also faild.

But ere I further straid,
She sighing kist,

My naked wrist;
And thus, in teares she said.

Sweet heart (quoth she) if in thy brest,
Those Virtues reall bee,

Which hitherto thou hast profess'd,
And I beleeu'd in thee:

THE MISTRESSE

Thy Selfe, and Me, oh seeke not to abuse.

Whilst Thee I thus refuse,

In hotter flames I frie:

Yet, let vs not,

Our true loue spot,

Oh, rather let mee die,

For, if thy heart should fall from good,

What would become of mine?

As strong a passion, stirres my blood,

As can distemper thine.

Yet, in my brest this rage I smother would,

Though it consume me should;

And, my desires containe:

For, where we see,

Such breaches be,

They seldome stop againe.

Are we the two, that haue so long,

Each others loues imbrac't?

And neuer did Affection wrong,

Nor thinke a thought vnchast?

And shall, oh, shall we now, our matchlesse Ioy,

For one poore touch destroy?

And

OF PHILARETE.

And all content forgoe?

Oh no, my Deare,

Sweet heart, forbear;

I will not loose thee so.

For should we doe a deed so base,

(As it can neuer be)

I could no more haue scene thy face,

Nor wouldst thou looke on me.

I should of all our passions grow asham'd;

And blush when thou art nam'd,

Yea (though thou constant wert)

I being nought,

A iealous thought,

Would still torment my heart.

What goodly thing doe wee obtaine,

If I consent to thee?

Rare ioyes we loose, and what we gaine,

But common pleasures be:

Yea, those (some say) who are to lust enclind,

Drine Loue out of the mind;

And so much Reason misse:

That they admire,

What kind of fire,

A chaff affection is.

No

THE MISTRESSE

No vulgar blisse, I aymed at,
 When first I heard thee wooe:
 He neuer prize a man for that,
 Which euery Groomme can doe.
 If that be loue, the basest men that be,
 Doe loue as well as we.
 Who, if we beare vs well,
 Doe passe them then,
 As Angels, men,
 In glory doe excell.

Whilst thus she spake, a cruell Band
 Of Passions ceazd my Soule:
 And, what one seemed to command,
 Another did controule.
 Twixt Good, and Ill, I did diuided lie.
 But, as I rais'd mine eye,
 In her me thought I saw,
 Those vertues shine,
 Whose rayes diuine,
 First gaue Desire, a Liew.


Wish that, I felt the blasphe of shame,
 Into my cheek returne,
 And Loue, did with a chaster flame,
 Within my Bosome burne.

My

OF PHILARETE.

My Soule, her light of Reason had renew'd;
 And by those Beames I view'd,
 How slily Lust ensnares:
 And all the fires,
 Of ill Desires,
 I quenched with my Teares.

Goe Wantons now, and stont at this,
 My coldnesse, if you list;
 Vaine fooles, you neuer knew the blisse,
 That doth in Loue consist;
 You sigh, and weepe, and labour to enjoy;
 A Shade, a Dreame, a Toy.
 Poore Folly you pursue,
 And are unblest,
 Since euery beast,
 In pleasure equals you.

 You neuer took for rich content,
 In all your wanton play;
 As this to me hath pleasure lent,
 That Chast she went away;
 For as some sinnes, which we committed haue,
 Sharpe strings behind them leaue.

Whereby

THE MISTRESSE

Whereby we vexed are:
So, ill suppress,
Begetteth rest,
And peace, without compare.

But least this Conquest slight you make,
Which on my selfe I wonne;
Twelve labors, I will undertake,
With Ioues victorious Sonne,
Er'e I, will such another brunt endure.
For, had Diana pure,
Thus tempted beene to sinne;
That Queene of Night,
(With her chaste light,)
Had scarce, a Maiden binne.

O H! how honor'd are my Songs,
Grac't by your melodious tongues?
And how pleasing doe they seeme,
Now your voices Carroll them?
Were not, yet, thattaske to doe,
Which my word inioynes me to,
I should begge of you, to heare,
What your owne inventions were.

But,

OF PHILARETE.

But, (before I ought will craue)
What I promis'd, you shall haue.
And, as I on mortall Creatures,
Cald, to view her bodies features;
Shewing how, to make the Senses,
Apprehend her excellences.
Now; I speake of no worse subiect,
Then a Soules, and Reasons object:
(And relate a Beauties glories,
Fitting heavenly *Auditories*)
Therefore, whilst I sit and sing,
Hemme me *Angels*, in a Ring.
Come ye *Spirits*, which haue eies,
That can gaze on Deities:
And vnclog'd, with brutish senses,
Comprehend such excellences.
Or, if any mortall eare,
Would be granted leaue to heare,
(And find profit with delight,
In what now, I shall indite)
Let him first be sure, to season
A prepared hart with reason:
And, with Iudgement, drawing nigh,
Lay all fond affections by.
So, through all her vailings, He
Shall the Soule of beautie see.

But

THE MISTRESSE

But, auoid you earth-bred Wights,
Cloid with sensuall appetites.
On base objects glut your cies,
Till your starueling pleasure dies.
Feede your eares, with such delights,
As may match you grosse conceits;
For, within your muddie braine,
These, you neuer can containe.

Thinke not, you, who by the fence,
Only iudge of excellence;
(Or doe all contentment place,
In the beauty of a face)
That these higher thoughts of our,
Soare so base a pitch as your.
I can giue, as well as you,
Outward Beauties all their due:
I can most contentments see,
That in loue, or women be.

Though I dote not on the features,
Of our daintiest female creatures;
(Nor, was ere so void of shames,
As to play their lawlesse games)
I more prize a snowyc Hand,
Then the gold on *Tagus* strand:
And a daintie Lippe before,
All the greatest Monarcks store.

Yea

OF PHILARETE.

Yea, from these I reape as true,
And as large contents as you.

Yet, to them I am not tide.

I haue rarer sweets espide;
(Wider prospects of true pleasure)

Then your curbed thoughts can measure.

In her Soule, my Soule descries,
Objects, that may feede her eyes.

And the beauty of her mind,
Shewes my Reason where to finde,

All my former pleasure doubled.

Neither with such passion troubled;

As wherewith it oft was crost:

Nor so easie to be lost.

I, that raiisht lay, wel-nigh,

By the lustre of her eye:

And, had almost sworne affection,

To the fore exprest perfection;

As if nothing had been higher,

Whereunto I might aspire.

Now, haue found, by seeking nearer,

Inward worth, that shining clearer;

(By a sweet and secret mouing)

Drawes me to a dearer louing.

And, whilst I that loue conceiue,

Such impressions it doth leaue,

-THE MPSTRESSE

In the Intellectiue part ;
As, defaceth from my hart,
Eu'rie thought of those delights,
Which allure base appetits.
And, my mind so much imployes,
In contemplating, those ioyes,
Which, a purer sight, doth find,
In the beauty of her Mind :
That, I so thereon am set,
As (me thinkes) I could forget,
All her sweetest outward graces :
Though I lay in her imbraces.

But, some thinking with a smile,
What, they would haue done the while:
Now suppose my words are such,
As exceed my power too much.
For, all those, our Wantons hold,
Void of Vigor, dull, and cold :
Or (at best) but fooles, whose flame,
Makes not way vnto their shame.
Though at length with griefe they see
They the fooles doe prone to be.

These, the body so much minded,
That their Reason ouer-blinded,
By the pleasures of the Sence,
Hides from them that excellence ;

And

OF PHILARETE.

And that sweetnes, whose true worth,
I am here to blazon forth.

Tis not, tis not, those rare graces,
That doe lurke in womens faces.
Tis not, a displayd perfection,
Youthfull eyes, nor cleare complexion,
Nor a skin, smooth-fatten like,
Nor a daintie Rosie cheeke,
That to wantonnesse can moue,
Such as vertuously doe loue.

Beautie, rather gently drawes
Wild Desires, to Reasons Lawes;
And oft frights men from that sin,
They had else transgressed in :
Through a sweet amazement, stroke,
From an ouer-ruling looke.

Beautie, neuer tempteth men
To lasciuiousnes; but when
Carelesse Idlenesse hath brought
Wicked longings into thought.
Nor doth youth, or heat of blood,
Make men prooue what is not good.
Nor the strength, of which they vaunt.
Tis the strength, and power they want,
And the basenesse of the Mind,
Makes their bruit desires enclind,

I

To

THE MISTRESSE

To perſue thoſe vaine delights,
Which affect their Appetites.
And ſo blinded doe they grow,
(Who are overtaken ſo)
As their dulneſſe cannot ſee,
Nor beleue that better be.
Some, haue blood as hot as their,
Whoſe affections looſeſt are;
Bodies that require no art,
To ſupply weake *Natures* part.
Youth they haue; and, ſure, might to,
Boaſt of what, ſome (ſhameleſſe doe)
Yet, their Minds that aime more high,
(Then thoſe baſer pleaſures lye)
Taught by *Virtue* can ſuppreſſe,
All attempts of wantonneſſe.
And ſuch powerfull motiues frame,
To extinguiſh *Paſſions* flame;
That (by *Reaſons* good direction)
Quallifying looſe affection;
Theile in miſt of Beauties fires,
Walke vnſcorcht of ill Deſires.
Yet, no ſuch, as ſtupid ſhame,
Keeps from actions worthy blame;
But, in all ſo truly Man,
That their apprehenſions can,

Prize

OF PHILARETE.

Prize the bodies vtmost worth:
And, find many pleasures forth,
In those Beauties; more then You,
That abuse them, euer knew.

But, perhaps her outward grace,
Here discrib'd, hath tane such place,
In some ore-enamourd breast,
And so much his hart possesse,
As He thinkes it passeth telling,
How shee may be more excellling:
Or what worth, I can prefer,
To be more admir'd in Her.

Therefore, now I will be brieft,
To preuent that misbeliefe.

And, if there be present here,
Any one, whose nicer care:

Taskes my *Measures*, as offending,
In too seriously commending
What affects the Sense; or may,
Iniure Virtue any way.

Let them know; tis vnderstood,
That if they were truly good,
It could neuer breed offence,
That shewd the excellence,
With the power of *God* and *Nature*,
In the beauty of his Creature.

THE MISTRESSE

They from thence would rather raise,
Cause, to meditate his praise :
And thus thinke ; *How faire must He,*
That hath made this Faire-one be !

That, was my proposed End.
And, to make them more attend
Vnto this ; so much excelleng,
As it passeth meanes of telling.

But at worst ; if any Straine,
Makes your *Memories* retaine ;
Sparks of such a banefull fire,
As may kindle ill desire :

This, that followes after, shall
Not alone extinguish all ;
But, euen make you blush with shame,
That your thoughts were so to blame.

Yet, I know when I haue done,
(In respect of that bright *Sunne*,
Whose inestimable light
I would blazon to your sight)
These, ensuing flashes, are,
As to *Cynthia's* beames a Starre ;
Or, a petty Comets ray,
To the glorious Eye of Day.
For, what power of words or *Art*,
Can her worth at full impart ?

Or

OF PHILARETE.

Or, what is there, may be found,
Plac'd within the Senses bound;
That can paint those sweets to me,
Which the Eyes of Loue doe see?
Or the Beauties of that Mind,
Which her body hath enshrin'd.

Can I thinke, the *Guide of Heaven*,
Hath so bountifully giuen,
Outward features, cause he meant,
To haue made lesse excellent,
Her diuine part? Or suppose,
Beautie, Goodnesse doth oppose;
Like those fooles, who doe despaire,
To find any Good and Faire?
Rather; There I seeke a mind,
Most excellling, where I find
God hath to the body lent,
Most-beseeming Ornament.
But, though he that did inspire
First, the true *Promethean* fire,
In each seuerall soule did place
Equall Excellence and Grace,
As some thinke; yet haue not they
Equall Beauties euery way.
For, they more or lesse appeare,
As the outward *Organs* are:

Or

I 3

Following

THE MISTRESSE

Following much the temp'rature,
 Of the Body, grosse or pure.
 And I doe belecue it true,
 That, as we the Body view:
 Nearer to perfection grow;
 So, the *Soule* her selfe doth show:
 Others more, and more excellling,
 In her powre; as in her dwelling.
 For, that purenesse giueth way,
 Better to disclose each Ray,
 To the Dull conceit of man,
 Then a grosser substance can.
 Thus, through spotlesse *Christall*, wee
 May the *Dayes* full glory see;
 When, if clearest Sunbeames passe,
 Through a foule polluted glasse;
 So discollerd, the'il appeare,
 As those Staines they shone through, were.

Let no *Criticke* cauilt then,
 If I dare affirme agen;
 That her Minds perfections are,
 Fairer then her Bodie's farr;
 And, I need not proue it by;
Axioms of Philosophy,
 Since no prooffe can better be,
 Then their rare effect in me.

For

OF PHILARETE.

For, while other men complaining,
Tell their *Mistresses* disdaining :
Free from care, I write a storie,
Only of her worth and glory.

While most Louers pining sit,
(Rob'd of libertie and wit)
Vassaling themselues with shame,
To some proud imperious *Dame* :
Or, in Songs their Fate bewailing,
Shew the world their faithles fayling,
I, enwreath'd with boughs of *Myrtle*,
Fare like the belqued *Turtle*.

Yea while most, are most vntoward,
Peeuish, vaine, ipconstant, froward.
While their best contentments bring,
Nought but after-sorrowing.
She, those childish humors slighting,
Hath conditions so delighting,
And doth so my blisse indeauour,
As my ioy encreaseth euer.

By her actions I can see,
That her *Passions* so agree,
Vnto *Reason*; as they erre,
Seldome, to distemper her.

Lone she can (and doth) but so,
As she will not overthrow,

THE MISTRESSE

Loues content by any folly,
Or, by deeds that are vnholly.
Dotingly, she nere affects;
Neither willingly neglects
Honest loue: But meanes doth find,
With discretion to be kind.
Tis nor thundring *Phrase*, nor *Othes*,
Honors, wealth, nor painted Clothes,
That can her good liking gaine,
If no other worth remaine.

Neuer tooke her heart, delight
In your *Court-Hermaphrodite*,
Or such frothy *Gallants*, as
For the Times *Heroes* passe.
Such; who (still in loue) doe all
Faire, and *Sweet*, and *Lady* call.
And where e're they hap to stray,
Either prate the rest away;
Or, of all discourse to seeke,
Shuffle in at *Cent*, or *Gleeke*.

Goodnesse more delights her, than
All their Maske of Folly can,
Fond, she hateth to appeare,
Though she hold her friend as deare,
As her part of life vnspent:
Or, the best of her content.

OF PHILARETE.

If the heat of youthfull fires,
Warme her blood with those desires,
Which are by the course of Nature,
Stird in every perfect Creature :
As those *Passions* kindle, so
Doth *Heauens* grace, and *Reason* grow
Abler, to suppress in her
Those rebellions ; and they stirre,
Neuer more affection, then
One good thought allayes agen.

I could say, so chaste is shee,
As the new-blowne Roses be.
Or, the drifts of Snow, that none
Euer toucht, or lookt vpon.
But, that were not worth a Flie,
Seeing so much Chastitie,
Old *Pigmalion* Picture had :
Yea, those *Eunuchs* borne or made,
Ne're to know Desire; might say,
Shee deseru'd no more then they.
Wheras, whilst their worth proceeds
From such wants, as they must needs,
Be vnmou'd (cause Nature fram'd
No affections to be tam'd)
Through her daintie Limbs, are spread,
Vigour, heat, and freely shed,

THE MISTRESSE

Life blood into euery vaine;
Till they fill, and swell againe;
And no doubt they strue to force,
Way, in some forbidden Course.
Which, by *Grace* she still resists;
And so Courbs within their lists,
Those Desires: that she is chaster,
Then if she had none to master.

Malice, neuer lets she in:
Neither hates she ought, but sin.
Envy, if she could admit,
Ther's no meanes to nourish it:
For, her gentle heart is pleas'd,
When she knowes anothers eas'd.
And ther's none, who euer got
That perfection, she hath not.
So, that no cause is there, why
Shee should any one enuy.

Mildly angry shee le appeare,
That the baser Rout may feare;
Through presumption to misdoe.
Yet, she often faines that ro.
But let wrong be whatsoeuer,
She giues way to *Choller*, neuer.

If she e're of *Vengeance* thought,
Twas ~~her~~ life, nor blood was sought;

But

OF PHILARETE.

But (at most) some prayer to moue,
Iustice for abused Loue:
Or, that *Fate* would pay againe,
Loues neglectors with disdaine.

If she euer crav'd of *Fate*,
To obtaine a higher State;
(Or ambitiously were giuen)
Sure, twas but to climbe to heauen.
Pride, is from her heart as farre,
As the *Poles* in distance are.
For, her worth, nor all this praise,
Can her humble spirit raise,
Lesse to prize me, then before;
Or her selfe, to value more.

Were she *Vaine*; she might alledge,
Twere her Sexes priuiledge.
But, shee's such; as (doubtlesse) no man
Knowes lesse folly, in a woman.

To prevent a being *Idle*,
Sometime, with her curious Needle,
(Though it be her meanest glory)
Shee so limnes an Antique Story,
As *Minerva* (would she take it)
Might her richest *Sample* make it,
Other while, againe, she rather
Labors, with delight to gather

Know-

THE MISTRESSE

Knowledge from such learned Writs,
As are left by famous Wits.

Where, Shee chiefly seekes to know,
God; *Her selfe*; and what we owe,
To our *Neighbour*: since with these,
Come all needefull Knowledges.

Shee, with *Adam*, neuer will
Long to learne both *Good* and *Ill*;
But, her state well vnderstood,
Rests her selfe, content with *Good*.

Auarice, abhorreth shee,
As the lothsom'st things that be:
Since she knowes it is an ill,
That doth ripest vertue kill.
And, where ere it comes to rest,
(Though in some strict Matrons brest)
Be she ne're so seeming iust,
He no shewes of Goodnesse trust.
For, if you but gold can bring;
Such, are hir'd to any thing.

If you thinke she *Iealous* be;
You are wide: For, credit me,
Her strong'st *Iealousies*, nought are,
Other then an honest care,
Of her friends. And, most can tell,
Who so wants that, loues not well.

Though

THE MISTRESSE

Though some little feare she showes,
Tis no more then loue allowes :
So the passion doe not moue her,
Till she greeue, or wrong her loue,
Shee may thinke He may doe ill ;
Though, shee'l not beleue he will.
Nor, can such a harmelesse thought,
Blemish true affection ought :
Rather, when as else it would,
Through security growe cold.
This her Passion, keeping measure,
Strengthens Loue, and sweetens Pleasure.

Crueltie, her soule detests ;
For, within her Bosome rests,
Noblest *Pitty* ; vsurd by,
An vnequall'd *Courtesie*.
And, is grieu'd at good mens moane,
As the griefe were all her owne.

Iust shee is ; so iust, that I
Know she would not wrong a Flye ;
Or, oppresse the meanest thing,
To be Mistresse to a King.

If our *Painters* would include,
Temperance, and *Fortitude*,
In one Picture ; She would fitt,
For the nonce to paterne it.

Patient

THE MISTRESSE

Patient, as the *Lambe* is she.
Harmelesse, as the *Turtles* be.
Yea, so largely stor'd, with all
Which we Mortals *Goodnesse* call;
That, if euer *Virtue* were,
Or may be, incarnate here;
This is she, whose praises, I
Offer to Eternitie.

Shee's no Image trim'd about,
Faite within, and foule without:
But a *Jewell* that doth appeare,
Like the *Diamond*, euery where,
Sparkling rayes of Beautie forth;
All of such vnblemisht worth,
That wert possible, your eye
Might her inmost thoughts espie,
And behold the dimmest part,
Of the lustre in her heart.

It would find that *Center* passe,
What the *Superficies* was.
And, that euery angle there,
Like a *Diamonds* inside were.

For, although that Excellence
Passe the piercingst Eye of Sence;
By their operations we,
Guesse at things that hidden be.

So

[THE MISTRESSE

So (beyond our common reach)
Wise men can by Reason teach,
What the influences beene,
Of a *Planet*, when vnscene;
Or the Beautie of a *Starre*,
That doth shine aboue vs farre.
So, by that wide-beaming Light,
Wherewith *Titan* Courts our sight,
By his clothing of the Earth;
By the wondrous, various Birth,
Of new Creatures, yearely bred
Through his heart; and nourished:
And by many Virtues moe
(Which our Senses reach vnto)
We conclude; they are not all,
Which make faire that goodly *Ball*.

Though shee prize her honour more,
Then the far-fetcht precious store
Of the rich *Molucchi*, or
All the wealth was traffickt for,
Since our *Vessels*, passage knew
Vnto *Mexico*, *Peru* :
Or those spacious Kingdomes, which
Make the proud *Iberians* rich.
Tis not that vncertaine blast,
Keepes my *Mistresse* Good, or Chast.

Shee

THE MISTRESSE

Shee, that but for honours sake,
Doth of ill a Conscience make;
(More in feare what Rumour sayes,
Then in loue to vertuous wayes)
Though she seem'd more ciuill than,
You haue seene a Courtezan,
For an honor: And cries *Oh fie*,
At each shew of vanitie.
Though she censure all that be,
Not so foolish coy as shee.
Though she with the *Roman Dame*
Kill her selfe, to purchase fame.
Shee would prostitute become,
To the meanest basest Groome;
If so closely they may doe it,
As the world should neuer know it.
So at best those women prooue,
That for honour; virtue loue.
Giue me her, that Goodnes chuseth
For it owne sake: And refuseth
To haue greatest honors gain'd,
With her secret conscience stain'd.
Giue me her, that would be poore;
Die disgrac't; nay, thought a whoore;
And each Times reproch become,
Till the generall day of Doome:

Rather

OF PHILARETE.

Rather then consent to a
Pleasing Sinne, though by the fact,
(With esteeme of vertuous) she
Might the *German Empresse* be.
Such my *Mistresse* is; and nought
Shall haue power to change her thought.
Pleasures cannot tempt her eye,
On their Bayts to glance awry.
For their good she still esteemes,
As it is; not as it seemes:
And, she takes no comfort in
Sweetest pleasure, fowr'd with Sinn.

By her selfe, she hath such care,
That her actions decent are.
For, were she in secret hid,
None might see her what she did.
Shee would doe, as if for spies,
Euery wall were stucke with eyes.
And be chary of her honour,
Cause the heau'ns do looke vpon her.
And, oh what had power to moue,
Flames of Lust, or wanton loue,
So farre, to disparage vs,
If we all, were minded thus?
These, are Beauties that shall last,
When the Crimson blood shall wast,

K

And

THE MISTRESSE

And the shining Haire wax gray :
Or with age be worne away.
These, yeeld pleasures, such as might,
Be remembred with delight ;
When we gaspe our latest breath,
On the loathed bed of death.
Though discreetly speake shee can,
Sheele be silent, rather than
Talke while others may be heard.
As if she did hate, or fear'd,
Their Condition ; who will force
All, to wait on their Discourse.
Reason hath on her bestowed
More of knowledge, then she owed
To that Sex: and *Grace* with it,
Doth aright her Practise fit.

Yet, hath *Fate* so framed her,
As she may at sometime, erre :
But, if ere her iudgement stray,
Tis that other women may,
Those much-pleasing Beauties see,
Which in yeelding Natures be.
For, since no perfection can
Here on earth be found in *Man*,
Ther's more good in free submissions,
Then ther's ill in our transgressions.

Should

OF PHILARETE.

Should you heare her, once, contend,
In discoursing, to defend
(As she can) a doubtfull Cause:
She such strong Positions drawes
From known Truths; and doth apply,
Reasons with such Maiestie:
As if she did vndertake,
From some Oracle to speake.
And you could not think, what might
Breed more loue, or more delight.

Yet, if you should marke agen,
Her discreet behauiour, when
She finds Reason to repent
Some wrong-pleaded *Argument*.
She so temperatly lets all
Her mis-held opinions fall;
And, can with such Mildnesse bow:
As 'twill more enamour you,
Then her knowledge. For, there are
Pleasing sweets without compare
In such yeeldings; which doe prooue,
Wit, Humilitie, and Loue.

Yea, by those mistakings; you
Her Condition so shall know,
(And the nature of her mind,
So vndoubtedly shall find)

THE MISTRESSE

As will make her, more endeared,
Then if she had neuer erred.

Farther; that she thought may misse,
Which worth praise in woman, is :
This, vnto the rest I add.

If I wound, or sicknes, had;
None should for my curing runne.

(No not to *Appollo's sonne*)
She, so well, the *Virtue* knowes,

Of each needfull Hearbe that growes;
And so fitly, can apply,

Salues to euer y Maladie :
That, if she, no succour gaue me,

Twere no meanes of *Art*, could saue me.

Should my Soule oppressed lye,
(Sunke with griefe and sorrow nigh)

She hath balm for minds distrest;
And could ease my pained breast.

She so well knowes how to season,
Passionate discourse with Reason;

And knowes how to sweeten it,
Both with so much loue and wit;

That, it shall prepare the Sense.
To giue way with lesse offence.

For, greued minds, can ill abide,
Counsell churlishly applide :

Which

OF PHILARETE.

Which, instead of comfortings;
Desperation, often brings.

But, harke *Nymphs*: me thinkes, I heare
Musicke, sounding in mine eare.

Tis a *Lute*: And hee's the best
For a Voice, in all the *West*,
That doth touch it. And the Swaine,
I would haue you heare so faine,
That my *Song*, forbear will I,
To attend his melodie.

Hither comes he, day by day,
In these Groves to sing, and play.

And, in yonn close Arbor, He
Sitteth now, expecting me.

He, so bashfull is; that mite
Will his Tounge be, and his *Lute*,

Should he happen to espie
This, vnlookt for Company.

If you, therefore list to heare him,
Let's with silence walke more neere him.

Twill be worth your paines (beleeue me)
(If a Voice, content may giue yee)

And, await you shall not long;
For, He now begins a *Song*.

THE MISTRESSE

Sonnet. 1.

WHat is the cause, when elsewhere I resort,
I haue my Gestures, and Discourse more
And (if I please) can any Beauty Court, (free?
Yet stand so dull, and so demure by thee?
Why are my speeches broken, whilst I talke?
Why doe I feare almost thy hand to touch?
Why dare I not imbrace thee as we walk, (much?
Since, with the greatest Nymphs I've dar'd as
Ah! know that none of those I ere affected;
And therefore, w'd a carelesse Courtship there:
Because, I neither their Disdaine respected,
Nor recon'd them, or their embraces deare.

But, loning Thee, my Loue hath found content;
And rich delights, in things indifferent.

Sonnet. 2.

WHy Couet I, thy blessed eyes to see;
Whose sweet aspect, may cheere the saddest
Why, when our bodies must diuided be, (mind?
Can I no howre of rest, or pleasure find?
Why doe I sleeping start, and waking mone,
To finde, that of my dreamed Hopes I misse?

Why

OF PHILARETE.

Why, doe I of en contemplate alone,
Of such a thing as thy Perfection is?
And wherefore, when we meet, doth Passion stop
My speechles Tongue, and leaue me in a panting?
Why, doth my heart o'rechargd with feare & hope
(In sight of Reason) almost droop to fainting?
Because, in Me thy excellencies mouing,
Haue drawne me to an Excellence in louing.

Sonnet. 3

Faire, since thy Virtues my affections moue,
And I haue vowd, my purpose is to ioyne,
(In an eternall Band of chastest Love)
Our Soules, to make a Mariage most diuine.
Why (thou maist thinke) then, seemeth he to prize,
An outward Beauties fading hew so much?
Why, doth he read such Lectures in mine eyes?
And often strine my tender palme to touch?
Oh pardon my presuming: For I sweare,
My Love is soyled, with no lustfull spot: (peare,
Thy Soules perfections, through those vailles ap-
And I halfe faint, that I embrace them not.
No foule Desires, doth make thy touches sweet:
But, my Soule strineth, with thy Soule to meet.

THE MISTRESSE

Sonnet 4.

Shall I waſting in Diſpaire,
 Dye becauſe a Womans faire?
 Or make pale my cheekes with care,
 Cauſe anothers Roſie are?
 Be ſhee fairer then the Day,
 Or the Flowry Meads in May;
 If She be not ſo to me,
 What care I how faire ſhee be.

Should my heart be griend or pin'd,
 Cauſe I ſee a Woman kind?
 Or a well diſpoſed Nature,
 Ioyned with a louely Feature?
 Be ſhee meeker, kinder, than
 Turtle-Doue, or Pelican:
 If ſhee be not ſo to me,
 What care I, how kind ſhe be.

Shall a Womans Virtues moue,
 Me, to periſh for her loue?
 Or, her well-deſerving knowne,
 Make me quite forget mine owne?

OF PHILARETE.

Be shee with that Goodnesse blest,
Which may gaine her name of Best:
If she be not such to me,
What care I, how good she be.

Cause her Fortune seemes too high,
Shall I play the foole, and dye?
Those that beare a Noble minde,
Where they want of Riches find,
Thinke, what with them, they would doe,
That without them, dare to wooe.
And, vnllesse that mind I see,
What care I, though Great she be.

Great, or Good, or Kind, or Faire,
I will ne're the more dispaire,
If She loue me, this beleene;
I will die, er'e she shall griene.
If she slight me, when I wooe;
I can scorne, and let her goe.
For, if shee be not for me,
What care I, for whom she be.

I was-

THE MISTRESSE

Sonnet 5.

I Wandred out, awhile agoe,
And went I know not whither :
But, there doe Beauties many a one,
Resort, and meet together.
And Cupids power will there be shewne,
If euer you come thither.

For, like two Sunnes, two Beauties bright,
I shining saw together.
And, tempted by their double light,
My eyes I fixt on either :
Till both at once, so thral'd my sight,
I lov'd, and knew not whether.

Such equall sweet Venus gaue,
That I prefer'd not either.
And when for loue, I thought to craue,
I knew not well of whether.
For, one while, This, I wisht to haue,
And then, I That, had leifer.

OF PHILARETE.

*A Louer of the curiousst Eye,
Might haue been pleas'd in either.
And so, I must confesse, might I,
Had they not been together.
Now, both must loue, or both denie,
In one, enioy I neither.*

*But yet at last I scape the smart,
I feard, at comming hither.
For, seeing my diuided heart,
I chusing, knew not whether.
Loue angry grew, and did depart;
And now, I care for neither.*

SEe; these Trees so ill did hide vs,
That the Shepheard hath espide vs:
And (as iealous of his cunning)
All in hastaway is running.
To entreat him backe againe,
Would be labour spent in vaine.
You may therefore, now, betake ye
To the Musicke I can make ye;
Who, doe purpose my Inuention,
Shall pursue my first Intention.

For;

THE MISTRESSE

For, in *Her* (whose worth I tell)
Many excellences dwell,
Yet vnmention'd : whose perfections
Worthy are of best affections.

That, which is so rare to find,
Both in Man, and Womankind :
That ; whose absence *Loue* defaceth,
And both Sexes more disgraceth,
Then the spight of furrowed *Age*,
Sickneses, or *Sorrows* rage :
That's the Jewell so diuine,
Which doth on her Forehead shine.
And, therewith endowed is *Shee*,
In an excellent degree.

CONSTANCY (I meane) the purest
Of all *Beauties*; and the surest.
For, who e're doth that possesse,
Hath an endlesse Loueliness.

All Afflictions, Labours, Crosses,
All our Dangers, Wounds, and losses,
Games of Pleasure, we can make,
For that matchlesse *Womans* sake ;
In whose brest that Virtue bideth :
And we ioy what e're betideth.

Most dejected *Hearts* it gladdeth :
Twenty thousand glories addeth

Vnto

Vnto *Beauties* brightest Ray :
 And, preserues it from decay.
 Tis the *Salt*, that's made to season,
Beautie, for the vse of *Reason*.
 Tis the Vernish, and the Oyling,
 Keeps her Colours fresh, from spoiling.
 Tis an Excellence, whereby
Age, though ioyn'd with *Pouertie*,
 Hath more deare Affection wonne,
 Then fresh *Youth*, and *Wealth* haue done.
 Tis a Louelineffe, endearing
Beauties, scarce worth note, appearing;
 Whil'st a fairer fickle *Dame*,
 Nothing gaines, but scorne and shame.

Further; tis a *Beautie*, such
 As I can nor praise too much,
 Nor frame *Measures*, to expresse.
 No; nor any man, vnlesse
 He, who (more then all men crost)
 Finds it in that *Woman* lost;
 On whose Faith, he would haue pawnd
 Life, and all he could commaund.
 Such a Man may by that Misse
 Make vs know how deare it is;
 When, o're-charg'd with Griefe, he shall
 Sigh, and breake his heart withall.

This

THE MISTRESSE

This is that *Perfection*, which
In her fauour makes me rich.
All whose *Beauties* (nam'd before)
Else, would but torment me more :
And, in hauing this, I find,
(What e're haps) a quiet mind:
Yea, tis that, which I doe prize,
Farre about her Lips, her Eyes:
Or, that generall Beauty, whence
Shines each feuerall Excellence.

For, alas ! what gain'd hath he,
Who may clip the fairest *Shee*
(That the name of *Woman* beares)
If, vnhappily, he feares,
Any others Worth, may win,
What he thought his owne had bin ?
Him, Base-minded deeme I should,
Who (although he were in Hold,
Wrapt in chaines) would not disdain,
Loue with her to entertaine
That both daughter to a *Peere*,
And most rich and louely were;
When a brainelesse *Gull* shall dare,
In her, fauours with him share:
Or, the Action of a *Player*,
Robb him of a Hope so faire.

This

THE MISTRESSE

This, I dread not : For, I know,
Strained gestures, painted shew,
Shamelesse boastings, borrowed lests,
Female Looks, gay-plumed Crests,
Vowes nor protestations vaine,
(Wherwith fooles are made so vaine)
Moue her can; saue to contemne,
Or perhaps, to laugh at them.

Neither can I doubt, or feare,
Time shall either change or weare
This her *Virtue* : Or, impaire
That which makes her Soule, so faire.
In which *Trust*, great Comforts are,
Which, the feare of losse, would marr.

Nor hath this my rare *Hope* stood,
So much, in her being good;
(With her loue to blessed Things)
As in her acknowledgings,
From a higher Power to haue them;
And her loue, to *Him*, that gaue them.
For, although to haue a mind
Naturally to Good inclin'd,
(And to loue it) would assure
Reason, that it might endure.
Yet (since Man was first vniust)
Ther's no warrant for such *Trust*.

THE MISTRESSE

Virtues, that most wonder winn,
 Would conuerted be to Sin;
 If their flourishing began,
 From no better Root, then *Man*.
 Our best *Virtues*, when they are
 Of themselues, we may compare,
 To the beautie of a Flower,
 That is blasted in an howre:
 And, which growing to be fuller,
 Turnes into some loathed Colour,
 But, those being freely given,
 And confirm'd in vs from Heauen;
 Haue a promise on them past:
 And for euermore shall last;
Diamond-like, their lustre clearing,
 More and more, by vse and wearing.

But, if this rare *Worth* I praise,
 Should by *Fates* permission, raise
 Passions in some gentle Brest,
 That distemper may his rest;
 (And be Author of such Treason,
 As might nigh endanger Reason)
 Or, inforce his tongue to craue,
 What another man must haue,
 Marke, in such a Streight as this,
 How discreet her dealing is.

Shew,

OF PHILARETE.

Shee, is nothing of their humours,
Who, their honor build on Rumours,
And, had rather priuat sporting,
Then allow of open courting:
Nor of theirs, that would seeme holy,
By diuulging others folly.
Farther is she from their guife,
That delight to Tyrannize,
Or make boastings, in espying,
Others for their fauours dying.

Shee, a spirit doth possesse
So repleat with Noblenesse,
That, if shee be there beloued,
Where she ought not to be moued,
Equally, to loue againe:
Shee, doth so well entertaine
That affection; as ther's none
Can suppose it, ill bestowne.

From deluding, she is free:
From disdaine, as farre is shee:
And so feelingly beares part,
Of what paines anothers heart;
That no curse, of scorned dutie,
Shall draw vengeance on her *Beautie*.
Rather, with so tender feare,
Of her Honour, and their care,

THE MISTRESSE

Shee is toucht; that neither shall,
Wrong vnto her selfe, befall;
(By the fauour she doth show)
Nor will shee neglect them so;
As may iust occasion giue,
Any way to make them grieue.

Hope, she will not let them see,
Least they should presuming be,
And aspire to that, which none,
Euer must enioy but One.
From *Dispaire*, shee keeps them to;
Fearing, they might hap to doe,
Either through *Loues* indiscretions,
(Or much ouer stirred passions)
What, might with their hurt & shame,
Into question call her name.
And a scandall on her bring,
Who is iust in euery thing.
Shee hath mark't how others runne;
And by them hath learn'd to shunne,
Both their fault, who (ouerwise)
Erre, by being too precise:
And their folly that o're kind,
Are to all complaints inclin'd.
For, her wit hath found the way,
How a while to hold them play;

And

OF PHILARETE.

And, that inconvenience shunne,
Whereinto, both seeme to runne;
By allowing them a scope,
Iust betwixt *Dispaire*, and *Hope*.
Where confin'd, and reaching neither;
They doe take a part in either:
Till, long liuing in suspence,
(Tyr'd by her indifferenee)
Time, at last, their *Passion* weares;
Passions wearing, *Reason* cleares;
Reason giues their *Iudgement* light;
Iudgement bringeth all to right.
So, their *Hope* appearing vaine,
They become themselues againe:
And, with high applauses, fit,
For such *Virtue*, with such *Wit*;
They, that seruice, onely profer,
Shee may take, and they may offer.

Yet, this course she neuer proues;
Saue with those, whose virtuous Loues;
Vse the noblest meanes of gaining,
Fauours, worthy the obtaining.
And, if such should chance to erre,
(Either 'gainst themselues, or her)
In some over-sights, when they,
Are through *Passion* led astray.

THE MISTESSE

Shee, so well mans frailtie knowes,
With the Darts that *Beautie* throwes;
As she will not adding terror,
Breake the heart for one poore error.
Rather (if still good they be)
Twentie remedies hath she,
Gently to apply, where *Sense*
Hath inuaded *Reasons* Fence;
And, without or wound, or scarre,
Turnes to Peace, a lawlesse Warre.

But, to those whose baser fires,
Breath out smoke of such desires,
As may dimm with vapure flames;
Any part of *Beauties* beames.
Shee, will daigne no milder way,
Those foule burnings to allay;
Saue, with such extreme neglect,
As shall worke her wisht effect.

And, to vse so sharpe a cure,
Shees not oft constrained sure.
Cause, vpon her forehead, still
Goodnesse sits, so fear'd of ill;
That the scorne, and high disdaines,
Wherewithall she entertaines,
Those loth'd glaunces; giuerh ending,
To such flamings in the tynding:

That

OF PHILARETE.

That their cooled Hopes, needs must
Freeze Desires, in heat of *Lust*.

Tis a power that neuer lies,
In the fair'st immodest eyes.

VVantons; tis not your sweet eyings,
Forced Passions, fained Dyings,

Gestures temptings, Teares beguilings,
Dancings, Singings, Kissing, Smilings;

Nor those painted sweets, with which,
You vnwary men bewitch:

(All vnited, nor asunder)
That can compasse such a wonder.

Or, to winn you loue preuailes,
Where her mouing *Virtues*, failes.

Beauties, tis not all those Features,
Placed in the fairest Creatures;

Though their best they should discouer,
That can tempt from *Her*, a Louer.

Tis not, those soft-snowie Brests,
Where *Loue* rockt in pleasure, rests;

(And by their continuall motions,
Draweth hearts to vaine deuotions)

Nor the *Nectar* that we sip
From a hony-dropping *Lip*:

Nor those *Eyes*, whence *Beauties* Launces,
Wound the heart, with wanton glances:

THE MISTRESS.

Nor, those sought *Delights*, that lye
In *Loues* hidden *Treasure*;
That, can liking gaine, where she,
Will the best beloued be.

For, should those who thinke they may,
Draw my loue from her away;
Bring forth all their female Graces,
Wrapt me, in their close embraces;
Practise all the Art they may;
Weepe, or sing, or kisse, or pray,
And with sighs and lookes come woeme,
When they soonest may vndoe me:
One poore thought of *Her*, would arme me
So, as *Circe* could not harme me.
Since beside those Excellences,
Wherewith, others please the *Senses*;
She, whom I haue prised so,
Yeilds delights, for *Reason* to.
Who could Dote on thing so common,
As mere outward handsome *Woman*?
Those halfe-beauties, only winne
Foolles, to let affection in,
Vulger wits, from Reason shaken,
Are with such impostures taken:
And, with all their Art in Loue,
Wantons, can but *Wantons* moue.

But

OF PHILARETE.

But, when vnto those, are loind,
Those things which adorne the *Mind*:
None, their excellences see,
But they straight enthralled be,
Fooles, and wisemen, worst and best,
Subiect are to Loues Arrest.
For, when *Virtue* wooes a Louer,
Shee's an vnresisted moouer:
That will haue no kind of Nay,
And in Loue brookes no delay.

She, can make the *Sensuall Wights*,
To restrain their Appetites.
And, (her beautie when they see)
Spight of *Vice*, in Loue to be:
Yea (although themselues be bad)
Praise the good they neuer had.
She, hath to her seruice brought,
Those, that Her, haue set at nought;
And can fayre enough appeare,
To enflame the most seucare.

She, hath oft allured out,
The religiously deuout,
From their Cloysters, & their Vowes;
To embrace what *She* allowes:
And, to such contentments come,
As blind zeale had bard them from.

THE MISTRESSE

While (her lawes mis-vnderstood)
They did ill for loue of Good.

Where I finde true worth to be,
Sweetest are their lipps to me :
And embraces tempt me to,
More then outward *Beauties* doe,
That my firme beleefe is this :
If euer I doe amisse;
Seeming-Good, the bayt will lay,
That to ill shall me betray :
Since, where shewes of Goodnesse are,
I am oft emboldned there,
Freedomes so permit, and vse;
Which, I else-where doe refuse:
For because I thinke they meane,
To allow no deed vncleane.

Yet, where two, loue *Virtue* shall,
Both at once, they seldome fall.
For, when one hath thoughts of ill,
Tother helps exile them still.

My faire *Virtues* powre is this.
And, that powre the Beauty is,
Which doth make *Her*, here exprest,
Equally both *Faire*, and *Blest*.

This, was that contenting *Grass*,
Which affection made me place,

With

OF PHILARETE.

With so deare respect, that neuer
Can it faile; but, last for ever.

This; a Seruant made me sworne,
Who before time, held in scorne;
To yeeld Vassilage, or Duty,
Though, vnto the *Queene of Beauty*.
Yet, that I her Seruant am,
It shall more be to my fame;
Then to owne these *Woods and Downes*:
Or be Lord of fiftie Townes.

And my *Mistresse* to be deem'd,
Shall more honor be esteem'd;
They those Titles to acquire,
Which most women, most desire,
Yea, when you a woman shall,
Counesse, or a *Dutchesse* call;
That respect it shall not moue,
Neither gaine her halfe such loue,
As to say, *Loe, this is she*,
That supposed is to be,
Mistresse to PHILARETE.

And, that louelie Nymph, which he,
In a Pastorall *Poeme* fam'd,
And FAIRE-VIRTVE, there hath nam'd.
Yea, some Ladies (tenne to one)
If not many (now yknowne)

May

THE MISTRESSE

Will be very well apaid,
When by chance, She heares it said
Shee, that *Faire-one* is; whom I,
Here haue prais'd, concealedly.

And, though now this Ages pride,
May so braue a *Hope* deride.
Yet, when all their Glories passe
As the thing that neuer was;
(And on Monuments appeare,
That, they ere had breathing here)
Who enuy it: Shee shall thrue
In her Fame. And honor'd liue,
Whilst *Great-Brittaines* Shepheards, sing
Englsh, in their Sonnetting.
And, who ere in future dayes,
Shall bestow the vtmost praise,
On his *Loue*; that any Man,
Attribute to Creature can.
Twill be this; that he hath dared,
His, and Mine to haue compared.

Oh! what starres did shine on me,
When her Eyes I first did see?
And how good was their aspect,
When we first did both affect?
For, I neuer since to changing
Was enclind, or thought of ranging.

Me,

OF PHILARETE.

Me, so oft my *Fancy* drew,
Here and there, that I nere knew
Where to place *Desire*, before,
So, that range it might no more.
But, as he that passeth by,
Where in all her iollitic,
Floras riches in a row,
Doth in seemely order grow:
And a thousand *Flowers* stand,
Bending as to kisse his hand;
Out of which delightfull store,
One he may take; and no more.
Long he pausing, doubteth whether,
Of those faire ones he should gather.

First, the *Primrose* Courts his eyes;
Then, the *Cowslip* he espies;
Next, the *Pansy* seemes to wooc him;
Then, *Carnations* bow vnto him:
Which, whil'st that enamour'd *Swaine*
From the stalke intends to straine,
(As halfe fearing to be scene)
Prettily her leaues betweene
Peepes the *Violet*: pale, to see,
That her *Virtues* sleighted be.
Which, so much his liking winnes,
That, to ceaze her, he beginnes.

Yet

THE MISTRESSE

Yet, before he stoopt so low,
He, his wanton eye did throw
On a *Stem* that grew more high,
And the *Rose* did there espie:
Who, beside her pretious sent
(To procure his eyes content)
Did display her goodly Brest;
Where he found at full exprest,
All the Good, that *Nature* showers
On a thousand other *Flowers*.
Wherewith he, affected, takes it;
His beloued Flowre he makes it.
And, without desire of more,
Walkes through all, he saw before.

So, I wandring, but erewhile,
Through the *Garden* of this *Ile*,
Saw rich *Beauties* (I confesse)
And in number, numberlesse.
Yea, so differing louely ro,
That, I had a world to doe,
Ere I could set vp my rest,
Where to chuse, and chuse the best.

One I saw, whose *Haire* excelled,
On anothers *Brow* there dwelled,
Such a Maiestie: it seemed,
Shee, was best to be esteemed.

This

OF PHILARETE.

This, had with her Speeches won me,
 That, with Silence, had vndone me.
 On her Lips, the *Graces* hung;
 To other, charm'd me with her tongue.
 In her *Eyes*, a third did beare,
 That, which did anew insnare.
 Then a fourth did fairer show;
 Yet, wherein I did not know.
 Onely this perceined I,
 Somewhat pleas'd my *Fantasia*.
 Now, the *Wealth* I most esteemed;
Honour then, I better deemed.
 Next, the loue of *Beautie* ceazd me,
 And, then *Virtue* better pleas'd me.
Iuno's loue, I nought esteem'd,
 Whilst a *Venus* fairer seem'd.
 Nay, both could not Me suffice;
 Whilst a *Pallas* was more wise.
 Though I found enough in One,
 To content, if still alone.

Amarillis, I did wooe;
 And I courted *Phyllis* too.
Daphne, for her loue I chose;
Cloris for that *Damaske Rose*;
 In her Cheeke, I held as deare;
 Yea, a thousand likt, welneere.

And,

THE MISTRESSE

And, in loue with altogether,
 Feared the enioying either;
 Cause, to be of one posselt,
 Bar'd the hope of all the rest.

Thus I fondly far'd, till Fate;
 Which (I must confesse in that
 Did a greater fauour to me,
 Then the world can malice doe me)
 Shew'd to me that matchlesse *Flowre*;
 Subiect for this *Song* of our.

Whose perfection, hauing eied,
Reason instantly espied;
 That, *Desire* (which rang'd abroad)
 There, would find a *Period*.
 And no maruell, if it might:
 For, it there hath all delight;
 And in her hath *Nature* placed,
 What each seuerall faire one graced.

Nor am I, alone delighted,
 With those *Graces* all vnitied;
 Which the *Senses* eie, doth finde,
 Scattered, throughout *Womankind*.
 But, my *Reason* finds perfections,
 To enflame my *Soules* affections.
 Yea, such virtues she possesseth,
 As with firmest pleasures blesteth:

And

THE MISTRESSE

And keepses sound, that *Beauties* state,
Which would else grow ruinate.

In this *Flowre*, are sweets such store;
I shall neuer, wish for more.
Nor be tempted out to stray,
For the fairest Budds in *May*.

Let who list (for me) aduance,
The admired *Flowres* of *France*,
Let who will ; praise, and behold,
The reserued *Maygold*.
Let the sweetbreath't *Violes*, now,
Vnto whom she pleaseth, bow.
And the fairest *Lillie*, spread
Where she will, her golden head.
I haue such a *Flowre* to weare,
That for those I doe not care.

Neuer shall my *Fancie* range,
Nor once thinke againe of change:
Neuer will I ; (neuer more)
Greeue, or sigh, as heretofore :
Nor within the Lodgings lie,
Of *Dispaire*, or *lealousie*.

Let the young and happy *Swaines*,
Playing on the *Britan* *Plaines*,
Court vnblamd, their *Shepherdesses*.
And with their gold-curled *Tresses*;

Toy

THE MISTRESSE

Toy vnencensur'd; vntill I
Grutch at their prosperitie.

Let all *Times*, both *Present*, *Past*,
And the *Age*, that shall be last,
Vaunt the *Beauties* they bring forth.
I haue found in One, such worth:
That (content) I neither care,
What the best before me were,
Nor desire to liue, and see,
Who shall Faire hereafter be.

For, I know the hand of *Nature*,
Will not make a fairer Creature.

Which, because succeeding *Dayes*,
Shall confesse, and adde their praise,
In approuing, what my tongue,
Ere they had their being, sung.

Once againe, come lend an eare,
And, a *Rapture* you shall heare,
(Though I tast no *Thespian Spring*)
Will amaze you, whilst I sing.

I doe feele new *Straines* inspiring,
And to such braue heights aspiring,
That my *Muse* will touch a *Key*,
Higher, then you heard to day.

I haue *Beauties* to vnfold,
That deserue a Penn of Gold,

Sweets,

OF PHILARETE.

Sweets, that neuer dream'd of were.
Things vnknowne: and such, as Eare
Neuer heard a *Measure* sound;
Since the *Sunne* first ran his *Round*.

When *Apelles* limb'd to life,
Loathed *Vulcans* louely wife.
With such *Beauties*, he did trim,
Each sweet Feature, and each Limbe
And, so curiously did place,
Euery well-becoming Grace.
That twas said, e're he could draw
Such a *Pece*; he naked saw
Many women in their Prime,
And the fairest of that Time.
From all which, he parts did take,
Which aright disposed, make
Perfe& *Beantie*. So, when you
Know, what I haue yet to show:
It will seeme to passe so farre,
Those things which expressed are.
That, you will suppose I'ue beene
Priuiledg'd; where I haue scene,
All the *Good*, that's spread in parts,
Through a thousand womens hearts.
(With their fair'st conditions lyc,
Bare, without *Hypocrisie*)

M

And

THE MISTRESSE

And, that I, haue tooke from thence,
Each disperſed *Excellence*.

To expreſſe *Her*, who hath gained
More, then euer *One* obtained.

And yet ſoft, (I feare) in vaine,
I haue boaſted ſuch a *Straine*.

Apprehenſions euer are
Greater, then expreſſion farre.
And, my ſtryuing to diſcloſe
What I know; hath made me loſe
My *Inuentions* better part:

And, my *Hopes* exceed my *Art*.

'Speake I can; yet think I more,
Words compar'd with *Thoughts*, are poore.

And I find, had I begun,
Such a *Straine*; it would be done,
When we number all the ſands,
Waſht ore periur'd *Goodwins* lands.

For, of things, I ſhould indite;
Which, I know, are infinite.

I doe yeeld, my *Thoughts* did clime,
Far aboue the powre of *Ryme*:

And no wonder, it is ſo;
Since, there is no *Art* can ſhow;
Red in Roſes, white in Snow;
Nor expreſſe how they doe grow.

Yea,

OF PHILARETE.

Yea, since Bird, Beast, Stone, and Tree,
 (That inferior Creatures be)
 Beauties haue, which we confesse,
 Lines vnable to expresse:
 They more hardly can enroule,
 Those, that doe adorne a *Soule*.
 But, suppose my *Measures* could,
 Reach the height, I thought they would.
 Now, relate, I would not tho;
 What did swell within me so.
 For, if I should all discric,
 You would know asmuch as I:
 And those Clownes, the *Muses* hate,
 Would of things about them prate.
 Or, with their prophaning eies,
 Come to view those *Mysteries*,
 Whereof, (since they disesteem'd them)
 Heauen, hath vnworthy deemd them.
 And beside; It seemes to me,
 That your cares nigh tired be.
 perceiue; the fire that charmeth,
 And inspireth me; scarce warmeth
 Your chill harts. Nay sure; were I
 Melted into *Poesie*,
 Should not a *Measure* hit,
 Though *Apollo* prompted it)

THE MISTESSE

Which should able be to leaue,
That in you, which I conceaue.

You are cold; and here I may
Wast my vitall heat away,
E're you will be moou'd so much,
As to feele one perfect touch
Of those *Sweetes*, which yet conceal'd
Swell my brest, to be reueal'd.

Now, my *Words*, I therefore cease:
That, my mounting *Thoughts*, in peace,
May alone, those pleasures share,
Whereof, *Lines* vnworthy are.
And so, you an end doe see
Of my *Song*; though long it be.

NO sooner had the Shepherd *Philaret*,
To this *Description* his last period set:
But, instantly, descending from a Wood,
(Which, on a rising ground, adioyning stood)
A troupe of *Satyrs* to the view of all,
Came dauncing of a new-deuised Brall.
The *Measures* they did pafe, by *Him*, were taught them
Who, to so rare a gentlenesse had brought them,
That he, had leard their rudenesse an obseruing,
Of such respect vnto the well-deseruing,

O F P H I L' A R E T E.

As they became to nomen else a terroure,
 But such, as did persist in wilfull errorr :
 And they, the Ladies made no whit affeard, (scard.
 Though since that time they some great men haue
 Their Dance, the *Whipping of Abuse* they nam'd;
 And, though the *Shepherd* since that, hath bin blam'd,
 Yet, now tis daily seene in euery towne;
 And ther's no *Countrey-Dance* thats better knowne :
 Nor, that hath gain'd a greater commendation,
 Amongst those that loue an honest recreation.

This *Scene* presented ; from a Groue was heard,
 A set of Viols; and, there was prepar'd
 A Countrey Banquet, which this *Shepherd* made,
 To entertaine the *Ladies*, in the shade.
 And tis suppos'd, his *Song* prolonged was
 Of purpose, that it might be brought to passe.
 So well it was perform'd, that each one deem'd,
 The Banquet might the Citie haue be'seem'd.
 Yet, better was their *Welcome*, then their *Fare* :
 Which they perceiu'd, and the merrier were.

One *Beautie* tho, there sate amongst the rest;
 That lookt as sad, as if her heart oppress'd
 With Loue had bene. Whom *Philarete* beholding,
 Sit so demurely, and her Armes enfolding.

Lady (quoth he) am I, or this poore cheere,
 The cause that you so melancholy are ?
 Or, if the Obiect of your thoughts be higher,
 It fits nor me to know them; nor enquire.
 But if from me it commeth, that offends,
 Seeke the Cause, that I may make amends.

THE MISTRESSE

Kind *Straine* (said she) it is nor so, nor so.
 No fault in you, nor in your Cheere I know.
 Nor doe I thinke there is a Thought in me ;
 That can too worthy of your knowledge be.
 Nor haue I, many a day, more pleasure had,
 Then here I find ; though I haue seemed sad.

My hart, is sometime heauy, when I smile ;
 And when I greeue, I often sing the while.
 Nor is it sadnesse, that doth me possesse,
 But, rather, musing with much seriousnesse,
 Vpon that multitude of sighs and teares ;
 With those innumerable doubts and feares :
 Through which, you passed: ere you could acquire
 A settled *Hope* of gaining your Desire.
 For, you dar'd loue a *Nymph*, so great, and faire,
 As might haue brought a *Prince* vnto *Dispaire*.
 And sure, the excellencie of your *Passions*,
 Did then produce as excellent expreſsions.

If therefore, Me, the sute may well become;
 And, if to you it be not wearisome :
 In name of all these *Ladies*, I entreat,
 That, one of those sad *Straines* you would repeate,
 Which you compos'd; when greatest discontent
 Vnsought-for helpe, to your Inuention lent.

Fayre *Nymph* (said *Philaret*) I will doe so.
 For, though your *Shepherd*, doth no Courtship
 He hath Humanitie. And, what's in me (know
 To doe you Seruice, may commanded be.

So, taking downe a *Lute*, that neere him hung,
 He gaue't his *Boy*, who plaid; whilst this, he sung.

Ah me

OF PHILARETE.

Ah me!

Am I the Swaine,

That late from sorrow free,

Did all the cares on earth disdain?

And still untoucht, as at some safer Games,

Plaid with the burning coals of Love, & Beauties flames?

Wast I, could dine, & sound each passions secret depth at will;

And, from those huge overwhelmings rise, by help of Reason still

And am I now, oh heavens! for trying this in vaine,

So sunk, that I shall neuer rise againe?

Then let Despaire, set Sorrows string,

For Strains that dolefullst be.

And I will sing,

Ah me.

But why,

Oh fatall Time!

Dost thou constrain that I,

Should perish in my youths sweet prime?

I, but a while agoe (you cruell Powers)

In sight of Fortune, croppt contentments sweetest flowers.

And yet, vnscorned, serue a gentle Nymph, the fairest Shee,

That euer was belov'd of Man, or Eyes did euer see.

Yea, one, whose tender heart, would rue for my distresse;

Yet I, poore I; must perish nay-thelesse.

And (which much more angments my care)

Unmoan'd I must dye:

And, no man ere,

Know why.

M 4

Thy

THE MISTRESSE

Thy leane,
 My dying Song,
 Yet take, ere griefe bereane,
 The breath which I enioy too long.
 Tell about that Fair-one this; my soul prefers,
 Her loue above my life, and that I died hers:
 And let Him be, for euermore, to her remembrance deare,
 Who lou'd the very thoughts of Her, whilst he remained here.
 And now, farewell thou Place, of my unhappy birth;
 Where once I breath'd the sweetest aire on earth.
 Since we, my wonted ioyes forsake;
 And all my trust deceiue;
 Of all, I take
 My leane.

Farewell,
 Sweet Groues to you;
 You Hills, that highest dwell;
 And all you humble Vales, adue.
 You wanton Brookes, and solitary Rockes,
 My deare companions all, and you, my tender flockes.
 Farewell my Pipe, and all these pleasing Songs, whose mouing strains
 Delighted once the fairest Nymphes, that daunced vpon the Plaines.
 You Discontents (whose deep, & ouer-deadly smart,
 Haue, without pitie, broke the truest hearts)
 Sighs, Teares, and euery sad annoy,
 That erst did with me dwell,
 And all others Ioy,
 Farewell.

Adue,

OF PHILARETE.

Adue,

Faire Shepherdesses:

Let Garlands of sad Yewe,

Adorne your daintie golden Tresses.

I, that loued you; and often with my Quill,

Made musick that delighted Fountain Grone, & Hill:

I, whom you loued so; and with a sweet and chaste embrace,
(Yea, with a thousand rarer fauors) would vouchsaf to grace.

I, now must leaue you all alone, of Love to plaine:

And neuer Pipe, nor neuer Sing againe.

I must, for euermore, bee gone;

And therefore, bid I you,

And euery one,

Adue.

I dye!

For oh, I feele

Deaths horrors, drawing nie;

And all this frame of Nature, reels.

My hopelesse heart, despairing of reliefe,

Sinks underneath the heavy weight of saddest griefe.

Which, hath so ruthles torn, so rackt, so tortur'd euery vaine;

All comfort comes too late, to haue it euer cur'd againe.

My swimming head, begins to dance Deaths giddy round.

A shuddering chilles doth each sence confound:

Reum'd, is my cold-sweating brow;

A dimnesse shuts my eye;

And now, oh now,

I die.

So

THE MISTRESSE

SO mouingly, these Lines He did expresse,
And, to a Tune so full of heauinesse,
As if indeed, his purpose had bin past,
To liue no longer then the Song did last.
Which in the *Nymphs*, such tender passion bred.
That some of them, did teares of pittie shed.

This, she! perceiuing, who first craud the Song;
Shepheard she said; although it be no wrong,
Nor grieft to you, those passions to recall,
Which heretofore you haue beene paind withall,
But Comforts rather; since they now, are ouer,
And you (it seemeth) an enioying *Louer*.

Yet, some young *Nymphs* among vs I doe see,
Who so much mooued with your passions be:
That if, my aime, I taken haue aright,
Their thoughts wil hardly, let them sleepe to night.

I dare not therefore, beg of you againe,
To sing another of the selfesame *Straine*:
For feare, it breed within them, more vnrest,
Then womens weakenesses, can well digest.
Yet, in your *Measures*, such content you haue;
That, one *Song* more I will presume to craue.
And, if your Memorie preserues of those,
Which you of your Affections did compose,
Before you saw this *Mistresse*; Let vs heare,
What kind of passions, then, within you were.

To which request, he instantly obaid;
And, this ensuing *Song*, both sung and plaid.

Sonnet

OF PHILARETE.

Sonnet. 2

You gentle Nymphs, that on these meadows play
And oft relate the loves of Shepherds young:
Come, sit you downe; for, if you please to stay,
Now may you heare an vnconouth Passion sung.

A Lad there is, and I am that poore Groome;
That faine in loue, & cannot tell with whom.

Oh doe not smile at sorrow as a Jest;
With others cares good Natures moued be:
And, I should weepe, if you had my unrest.
Then, at my grieffe, how, can you merry be?
Ah, where is tender pitie now become?
I am in loue, and cannot tell with whom.

I, that haue oft the rarest features viewd,
And Beautie in her best perfection seene:
I, that haue laughd at them that Loue persude,
And euer free, from such affections beene.
Lo now at last, so cruell is my doome;
I am in loue, and cannot tell with whom.

My heart is full nigh bursting with desire,
Yet cannot find from whence these longings flow:

THE MISTRESSE

*My brest doth burne, but she that lights the fire,
I neuer saw, nor can I come to know.*

So great a blisse my fortune keeps my from.

That though I dearly loue; I know not who.

Ere I had twice foure Springs, renewed scene,

The force of Beautie I began to proue;

And, ere I nine yeares old, had fully beene,

It taught me how to frame a Song of Lone.

And, little thought I, this day should haue come,

Before that I to loue, had found out whom.

For, on my Chinn, the mossy downe you see,

And, in my vaines, well-heated blood doth glow:

Of Summers I haue scene twice three times three,

And, fast, my youthfull time away doth goe.

That much I feare, I aged shall become:

And still complaine; I loue I know not whom.

Oh! why had I, a heart bestow'd on me,

To cherish deare affections, so enclind?

Since, I am so unhappy borne to be

No Obiect, for so true a Loue to find.

When I am dead, it will be mist of some:

Yet, now I liue; I loue, I know not whom.

OF PHILARETE.

I, to a thousand beaution Nymphs am knowne;
A hundred Ladies fauours doe I weare:
I, with as many, halfe in loue am growne;
Yet none of them (I find) can be my Deare.
Me thinks, I haue a Mistresse, yet to come;
Which makes me sing; I loue I know not whom

There liues no Swaine doth stronger passion proue,
For her, whom most he couets to possesse;
Then doth my heart, that being full of Loue,
Knowes not to whom, it may the same professe.
For, he that is despisd, hath sorrow, some:
But he hath more; that loues, and knowes not
(whom,

Knew I my Loue, as many others doe,
To some one obiect might my thoughts be bent:
So, they diuided should not wandring goe,
Vntill the Soules united force be spent.
As his, that seekes, and neuer finds a Home:
Such is my rest; that loue, & know not whom.

Those, whom the frownes of iealous friends diuide,
May liue to meet, and descant on their woe:
And he, hath gaind a Lady for his Bride,
That durst not woo her Mayd, a while agoe.

But

THE MISTRESSE

*But oh! what end unto my hopes can come?
That am in loue, and cannot tel with whom.*

*Poore Collin, grieues that he was late disdaind:
And Cloris, doth for Willy's absence pine,
Sad Thirsis, weeps, for his sicke Phæbe paind.
But, all their sorrowes cannot equall mine.*

*A greater care alas, on me is come:
I am in loue, and cannot tell with whom.*

*Narcissus-like, did I affect my shade;
Some shadow yet, I had, to dote vpon.
Or, did I loue, some Image of the dead,
Whose substance had not breathed long agoe;
I might dispaire, and so an end would come;
But, oh, I loue! and cannot tell you whom.*

*Once in a Dreame, me thought, my Loue I view'd;
But, neuer waking, could her face behold:
And doubtles, that Resemblance was but shew'd,
That more, my tyred heart torment it should.
For, since that time, more grien'd I am becomè;
And more in loue; I cannot tell with whom.*

When

THE MISTRESSE

*When on my bed at night, to rest I lye,
My watchfull eyes, with teares bedew my cheek:
And then, oh would it once were day, I crie;
Yet when it comes, I am as far to seeke.*

*For, who can tell, though all the earth be rone;
Or when, or where, to find hee knowes not
(whom?*

*Oh! if she be among the beautionous traines,
Of all you Nymphs, that haunt the siluer Rills;
Or, if you know her, Ladies of the Plaines,
Or you, that haue your Bowers, on the Hills.
Tell if you can, who will my loue become:
Or I shal die, and neuer know for whom.*

THe Ladies smiled oft, when this they heard,
Because the Passion strange to them appeard.
And stranger was it; since, by his expression,
(As well as by his owne vnfauld confession)
It seemed true. But, hauing sung it out:
And seeing, scarcely manners, they it thought
To vrge him farther, Thus to them he spake.
Faile Ladies: for as much as doubt you make
To re-command me: Of mine owne accord,
Another Straine, I freely will afford.

It

THE MISTRESSE

It shall not be of *Loue*; nor any Song,
 Which to the praise of *Beautie* doth belong.
 But, that hereafter, when you hence are gone,
 Your *Shepherd* may be sometime thought vpon.
 To shew you also, what content the *Field*,
 And louely *Groue*, to honest Minds may yeeld.
 That you my humble *Fate*, may not despise;
 When you returne vnto your braueries.
 And not suppose, that in these homely Bowers,
 I hugg my Fortune, cause I know not yours.
 Such Lines Ile sing, as were composd, by me,
 When some proud Courtiers, where I hap't to be,
 Did (like themselues) of their owne glories prate:
 As in contempt, of my more happy state.
 And these they be. —

Sonnet.

Lordly Gallants, tell mee this,
 (I though my safe content you weigh not)
 In your Greatnesse what one blisse,
 Haue you gain'd, that I enioy not?
 You haue Honors, you haue Wealth,
 I haue Peace, and I haue Health:
 All the day, I merry make,
 And, at night, no care I take.

Bound

OF PHILARETE.

Bound to none, my Fortunes be;
This, or that mans fall, I feare not:
Him I loue, that loueth me;
For the rest, a pinne I care not.

You are sad, when others chafe,
And grow merry as they laugh;
I, that hate it, and am free,
Laugh and weepe, as pleaseth me.

You may boast of fauours shovne,
Where your seruice is applied:
But, my pleasures are mine owne,
And to no mans humours tyed.

You oft flatter, soothe, and faine;
I, such basenesse doe disdaine:
And to none, be slane I would,
Though my fetters might be gold.

By great Titles, some beleene,
Highest honours are attained;
And yet Kings haue power to giue,
To their Fools, what these haue gained.

Where they fauour, there they may,
All their Names of Honour lay:
But, I looke not, rais'd to be,
Till mine owne wing, carrie me.

THE MISTESSE

Seeke to raise your Titles higher,
They are Toyes not worth my sorrow:
Those that we to day admire,
Prooue the Ages scorne to morrow.

Take your Honors; let me find,
Virtue, in a free-borne Mind:
This, the greatest Kings that be,
Cannot giue, nor take from me.

Though I vainly doe not vaunt,
Large demesnes, to feed my pleasure:
I haue fauours where you want,
That would buy respect with treasure.

You haue lands lie here, and there;
But my wealth is euery where:
And, this, addeth to my store:
Fortune, cannot make me poore.

Say, you purchase with your pelfe,
Some respect, where you importune.
Those may loue me for my selfe,
That regard you for your Fortnne.

Rich, or borne of high degree,
Fooles, as well as you may bee:
But, that Peace, in which I line,
No Discent, nor Wealth can giue.

OF PHILARETE.

If you boast, that you may gaine,
The respect of high-borne Beauties:
Know, I neuer wooed in vaine,
Nor preferred scorned Duties.
Shee I loue, hath all delight;
Rosie-red, with Lillie-white:
And, who er'e your Mistresse be,
Flesh and Blood as good as Shee.

Note, of Me, was neuer tooke,
For my Woman-like perfections:
But, so like a man, I tooke,
It hath gaine me best Affections.
For my loue, as many showers
Haue been wept, as haue for yours.
And, yet none doth me condemne
For Abuse, or scorning them.

Though of Dainties, you haue store,
To delight a choyser Pallat:
Yet your taste is pleas'd no more,
Then is mine in one poore Sallat.
You to please your Senses, feed;
But, I eat, good Blood to breed.
And am most delighted than,
When I spend it like a man.

N 3

Though

THE MISTESSE

Though you Lord it ouer me,
You in vaine thereof haue braned:
For, those Lusts my Seruants be,
Whereunto your minds are slaued.

To your selues you wise appeare:

But alas, deceiu'd you are.

You doe foolish me esteeme,

And are that, which I doe seeme.

When your faults I open lay,
You are moou'd, and madd with vexing;
But, you ne're could doe or say,
Ought to drine me to perplexing.

Therefore, my despised power

Greater is, by farre, then your.

And, what er'e you thinke of me,

In your mindes, you poorer be.


You are pleased, more or lesse,
As men well or ill report you;
And, shew discontentednesse,
When the Times forbear to court you.

That, in which my pleasures be,

No man can diuide from me.

And, my Care, it addes not to

What-so, others say, or doe.



OF PHILARETE.

Be not proud, because you view,
You by thousands are attended;
For alas, it is not You,
But your Fortinne, tha's be-friended.
Where I show of loue haue got,
Such a danger feare I not.
Since, they nought can seeke of me;
But, for loue, below'd to be.

When your Hearts haue euery thing,
You, are pleasantly disposed:
But, I can both laugh and sing,
Though my Foes haue me enclosed.
Yea, when dangers me doe hemm,
I delight in scorning them,
More then you, in your renowne;
Or a King can in his Crowne.

You doe brauely domineere,
Whilst the Sunne vpon you shineth,
Yet, if any storme appeare,
Basely then, your mind declineth.
But, or shine, or raine, or Blow,
I, my Resolutions know.
Liuing, Dying, Thrall, or Free,
At one height my Mind shall be.

THE MISTRESSE

When in thrall dome, I haue laine,
Me, not worth your thought you prized.
But, your malice was in vaine,
For, your fauours, I despised.
And, how ere you value me,
I, with praise, shall thought on be;
VVhen the world esteemes you not,
And your Names shall be forgot.

In these thoughts my riches are,
Now, though poore or meane you deeme me;
I am pleas'd, and doe not care,
How the Times, or you esteeme me.
For, these Toyes that make you gay,
Are but Play-games for a day.
And, when Nature craues her due;
I, as braue shall be, as you.

Here Philaret did giue his Song an ending,
To which the Nymphs, so seriously attending,
About him sate; as if they had supposed,
He still had somewhat more, to be disclosed.
And, well they knew not; whether did belong,
Most praise vnto the Shepheard, or his Song.

For,

OF PHILARETE.

For, though (they must confesse) they often heare,
Those *Leyes*, which much more deeply learned are:
Yet, when they well considerd of the *Place*,
With how vnlikely (in their thought) it was,
To giue them hope of hearing such a *Straine*;
Or, that so young, and so obscure a *Swaine*,
Should such a matchlesse *Beauties* fauour get,
And know her worth so well, to sing of it.
They wondred at it. And some thus surmizd,
That *Hee* a greater man was, so disguisd:
Or else, that *Shoe*, whom he so much had praisd
Some *Goddesse* was: that those his *Measures* raisd,
Of purpose, to that rare-attained height,
In *Enus's* and presuming *Art's* despight.

But, whilst they musing, with theselues, bethought
Which way, out of this *Shepherd* to haue wrought,
What *Nymph* this *Fair-one* was; and where she liu'd,
Loe, at that very instant there arriu'd
Three men, that by their *Habits* Courtiers seemd:
For (though obscure) by some he is esteemd
Among the greatest: who do not contemne
In his retyred walkes, to visit him.

And there they tast those pleasures of the mind,
Which they, can nor in *Court*, nor *Citie* find. (him,
Some news or message, these new guests had brought
And, to make hast away (it seemes) besought him.
For, instantly he rose: And that his nurture,
Might not be taxed by a rude departure,
Himselfe excusing, he those *Nymphs* did pray:
His noble Friends might bring them on their way:

THE MISTRESSE

Who, as it seemes (he said) were therefore come;
That they might wait vpon them to their home.
So, with their fauour, he departed thence:
And (as they thought) to meet her Excellence,
Of whom he sung. Yet many deeme that this,
But an Idea of a MISTRESSE is.
Because to none, he yet had dauid the telling,
Her proper Name; nor shown her place of Dwelling.

When he was gone: a Lady from among
These Nymphs; tooke vp his Lute, & sung this Song.

The Nymphs Song,

Gentle Swaine, good speed befall thee;
And in Loue still prosper thou:
Future Times shall happy call thee,
Though, thou lie neglected, now.

Virtues Lovers, shall commend thee;
And perpetuall Fame, attend thee.

Happy are these woody Mountaines,
In whose shaddowes thou doest hide:

And

OF PHILARETE.

*And as happy, are those Fountaines,
By whose murmures thou dost bide.
For, Contents are here excelling;
More, then in a Princes dwelling.*

*These thy Flocks doe clothing bring thee,
And thy food, out of the Fields:
Pretty Songs, the Birds doe sing thee;
Sweet perfumes the Meddowe yeelds:
And, what more is worth the seeing?
Heauen and Earth thy prospect being?*

*None comes hither, who denies thee,
Thy Contentments (for despight)
Neither any that enuies thee,
That, wherein thou dost delight.
But, all happy things are meant thee?
And what euer may content thee.*

*Thy Affection Reason measures;
And distempers none it feeds:
Still, so harmelesse are thy pleasures,
That no others grieve it breeds.*

And

THE MISTRESSE

*And, if night, beget thee sorrow;
Seldome staves it, till the morrow.*

*Why doe foolish men so vainely,
Seeke contentment in their store?
Since they may perceiue so plainly,
Thou art rich, in being poore?
And that they are vext about it;
Whilst thou merry art without it.*

*VVhy are idle braines deuising,
How high Titles may be gaine?
Since, by those poore toys despising,
Thou hast higher things obtaind?
For the man, who scornes to craue them,
Greater is, then they that haue them.*

*If all men could tast that sweetnesse,
Thou dost in thy meanesse know;
Kings would be to seeke, where Greatnesse,
And their honours to bestow.
For, it such content would breed them;
As they would not thinke they need them.*

*And, if those who so aspiring,
To the Court-preserments bee;*

Knew

OF PHILARETE.

*Know how worthy the desiring,
Those things are, enjoyed by thee.
Wealth and Titles, would hereafter:
Subjects be, for scorne and laughter.*

*He that Courtly stiles affected,
Should a May-Lords honour haue.
He that heaps of wealth collected,
Should be counted as a slave.
And the may with fewest things cumbred,
With the Noblest should be numbred.*

*Thou, their folly hast discerned,
That neglect thy mind, and thee;
And to slight them, thou hast learned,
Of what Title er'e they be.
That, no more with thee, obtainest;
Then with them, thy meannes gainest.*

*All their Riches, Honours, Pleasures;
Poore unworthy trifles seeme;
(If compared with thy Treasures)
And, doe merit no esteeme.
For, they true contents provide thee;
And from them can none diuide thee.*

THE MISTRESSE

Whether thrall'd, or exil'd ;
Whether poore or rich thou be:
Whether praised, or reuil'd ;
Not a rush, it is to thee.

This, nor that, thy rest doth win thee;
But, the mind, which is within thee.

Then, oh why, so madly dote we,
On those things, that vs ore-lode ?
Why, no more, their vainnesse note we;
But still make of them a God ?
For, alas ! they still deceiue vs;
And, in greatest need they leaue vs.

Therefore, haue the Fates provided,
Well (thou happy Swaine) for thee:
That mayst, here, so farre diuided,
From the worlds distractions be.
Thee, distemper let them neuer;
But, in peace continue euer.

In these lonely Groues, enjoy thou,
That contentment here begun :
And, thy houres, so pleas'd, employ thou,
Till the latest glasse bee run.

From

OF PHILARETE.

*From a Fortune so assured:
By no temptings be allured.*

*Much good doo't them with their glories,
Who in Courts of Princes dwell.
We haue read in Antique stories,
How some rose, and how they fell.
And tis worthy well the heeding;
Ther's like End, wher's like proceeding.*

*Be thou, still, in thy affection,
To thy Noble Mistresse, true:
Let her (neuer-matcht) perfection,
Be the same, vnto thy view.
And, let neuer other Beautie,
Make thee faile, in Loue, or Dutie.*

*For, if thou shalt not estranged
From thy Course professed, be.
But remaine for aye vnchanged;
Nothing shall haue power on thee.
Those that sleight thee now, shall loue thee,
And, in spight of spight, approue thee.*

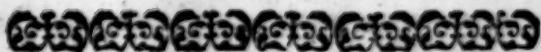
So,

THE MISTRESSE

So those Vertues now neglected,
To be more esteem'd; will come:
Tea, those Toyes so much affected,
Many shall be wooed from.
And, the golden Age (deplord)
Shall, by some, be thought restored.

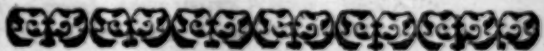
Thus sang the Nymph: so rarely-well inspired,
That all the hearers, her braue *Strains* admired.
And, as I heard, by some that there attended,
When this her Song was finisht, all was ended.

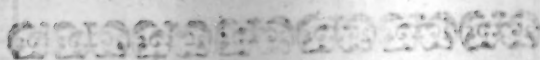
A



A Postscript.

IF any Carpe, for that, my younger Times,
Brought forth such idle fruit, as these slight
It is no matter ; so they doe not sweare, (*Rymes*,
That they, so ill imp'oyed, neuer were.
Whilst their *Desires* (perhaps) they looser spent ;
I gaue my heats of Youth, this better vent.
And, oft by writing thus, the bloud haue tam'd ;
Which some, with reading wanton *Layes* inflam'd.
Nor care I, though their Censure some haue past,
Because my *Songs* exceed the Fidlers Last.
For, doe they thinke, that I will make my *Measures*,
The longer, or the shorter, for their pleasures ?
Or mayme, or Curtolize my free Inuention ;
Because, Fooles weary are, of their attention.
No ; let them know, who do their length contemn,
I make to please my selfe, and not for them.





I make to please my self, and not for them.
 No; let them know, who do their length constrain,
 Beasts, Fools weary are of their attention;
 Or musing, or Counting my free Invention;
 I no longer of the Mower, for their plumes;
 No, dost thou think that I will make my self a slave,
 Because my days exceed the Fishers? Alas!
 Now care I, though their Cordons come to pass,
 Which some, with reading wandon & constant,
 And, oft by writing that, the blind have found;
 I gave my heart of I only this better word,
 'Till their eyes (perhaps) my looker (perhaps)
 That they, to it impoyed, never were.
 It is no matter; so they do not swear, (I pray)
 A thought forth such idle stuff, as these lights
 To any Carpe, or that my younger Tongue



*A Miscelany of Epigrams,
Sonnets, Epitaphs, and such other
Verses, as were found written, with the
Poeme, aforegoing.*

*Of the Inuention of the nine
Muses.*

THe Acts of Ages past, doth *Clio* write:
The Tragædie's, *Melpomenes* delight.
Thalia, is with Comedies contented.
Enterpe, first, the Shepheards Pipe inuented.
Terpsicore, doth Song, and Lute applie.
Dauncing *Erato* found Geometry.
Calliope, on louing Verses dwels.
The secrets of the Starres, *Vrania* tells.
Polymnia, with choyce words, the speech doth trim.
And great *Apollo* shares with all of them.
Those thrice three *Feminines*, we *Muses* call;
But that one *Masculine* is worth them all.

Of the Labour's of Hercules.

First, he the strong *Nemean* Lyon slew:
The many-headed *Hydra* next ore-threw.
The *Eremanthian* Bore he thirdly foyles:
Then of his golden Hornes the *Stagge* he spoyles.
The foule *Symphalian* Birds he fifthly frayd:
Next, he the *Queene* of *Amazons* ore-swayd.
Then clensd *Ageas* Stalls, with filth so full:
And eighthly, tamed the vntamed Bull.
He slew proud *Diomedes* with his Horses.
From triple *Gerion* his rich Heard he forces.
He slew the *Dragon* for the fruite of gold:
And made blacke *Cerberus* the day behold.
These were his twelue stout *Labours*. And they say,
With fifty Virgins in one night he lay.
If true it be, tis thought he labourd more:
In that one act, then in the twelue before.

*Being left by a Gentleman in his
Dining-roome, where was nothing
but a Map of England to entertaine
him, he thus turned it into
Verse.*

FAire *England* in the bosome of the Seas,
Amid her two and fiftie *Proninces*,

Sits like a glorious *Empresse* ; whose rich Throne,
Great *Nymphes* of honor come to wayt vpon.

First, in the height of brauery appeares
Kent, *East* and *South*, and *Middle-Saxon* Shires :
Next, *Surry*, *Barkshire*, and *Southampton* get,
With *Dorset*, *Wilton*, and rich *Sommerfet*.
Then *Deuon*, with the *Cornish* Promontory :
Gloster and *Worster*, faire *Sabrinas* glory.
Then *Salope*, *Suffolke*, *Northfolke* large and faire,
Oxford and *Cambridge*, that thrice learned paire.
Then *Lincolne*, *Darby*, *Torke*shire, *Nottingham*,
Northampton, *Warwick*, *Stafford*, *Buckingham*.
Chester and *Lancaster* (with *Heards* well stord)
Huntingdon, *Hartford*, *Rutland*, *Hereford*.
Then Princely *Durham*, *Bedford*, *Leister*, and
Northumber, *Cumber* and cold *Westmerland*.

Braue English shires; with whom lou'd equally
Welch *Monmouth*, *Radnor*, and *Mountgomery*,
Adde all the glory (to her *Train*) they can :
So doth *Glamorgan*, *Brecknock*, *Cardigan*,
Caernaruan, *Denbigh*, *Merioneth*-shire,
With *Anglesey* (which ore the sea doth reare
Her lofty head And with the first, though last;
Flint, *Pembroke* and *Carmarthen* might be plac't.
For all of these (vnto their power) maintaine
Their Mistrisse *England* with a royall *Train*.
Yea, for *Supporters* at each hand, hath she
The *Wight* and *Man*, that two braue *Ilands* be.

From these, I to the *Scottish Nymphes* had iorny'd,
But that my Friend was backe againe returned,

Who hauing kindly brought me to his home,
Alone did leaue me in his *Dining Rome*:
Where I was faine (and glad I had the hap)
To begg an entertainment of his Map.



An Epitaph vpon the Right
Vertuous Lady, the Lady
SCOTT.

L Et none suppose this Relique of the *Iust*,
Was here wrapt vp, to perish in the dust.
No, like best *Fruits*, her time she fully stood:
Then being growne in *Faith*, and ripe in *Good*;
(With stedfast hope, that shee another day, (lay.
Should rise with *Christ*, with *Dea b* here downe she
And, that each part, which *Her*, in life had grac't,
Preseru'd might be, and meet againe at last:
The *Poore*, the *World*, the *Heauens*, and the *Grane*:
Her *Almes*, her *Praise*, her *Soule*, her *Body* haue.

An

*An Epitaph vpon a Woman,
and her Child, buried together
in the same Graue.*

Beneath this Marble Stone doth lye,
The Subiect of Deaths Tyranny.
A Mother: who in this close Tombe,
Sleepes with the issue of her wombe.
Though cruelly enclinde was he;
And with the fruit shooke downe the Tree.
Yet was his cruelty in vaine.
For, Tree, and Fruit, shall spring againe.

A Christmas Carrol.

So, now is come our ioyfulst Feast;
Let euery man be iolly.
Each Roome, with Tuse leaues is drest,
And euery Post, with Holly.
Though some Charles at our mirth repine,
Round your forheads Garlands twine,
Drowne sorrow in a Cup of Wine.
And let vs all be merry.

Now, all our Neighbours Chimneys smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning;
Their Ovens, they with bakt-meats choke,
And all their Spits are turning.

Without the doore, let sorrow lie:
And, if for cold, it hap to die,
Weele bury't in a Christmas Pye.
And enermore be merry.

Now, every Lad is wondrous trimm,
And no man minds his Labour.
Our Lasses haue provided them,
A Bag-pipe, and a Tabor.

Young men, and Mayds, and Girles & Boyes,
Giue life, to one ano hers Ioyes:
And, you anon shall by their noyse,
Perceine that they are merry.

Ranke Misers now, doe sparing sbun:
Their Hall of Musicke soundeth:
And, Dogs, thence with whole shoulders run,
So, all things there aboundeth.

The Countrey-folke, themselves aduance;
For Crowdy-Mutton's come out of France:
And Iack shall pipe, and Iyll shall daunce,
And all the Towne be merry.

Ned

Ned Swash hath fetcht his Bands from pawne,
And all his best Apparell.

Brisk Nell hath bought a Ruffe of Lawne,
With droppings of the Barrell.

And those that hardly all the yeare
Had Bread to eat, or Raggs to weare,
Will haue both Clothes, and daintie fare :
And all the day be merry.

Now poore men to the Iustices,
With Capons make their arrants,
And if they hap to faile of these,
They plague them with their Warrants.

But now they feed them with good cheere,
And what they want, they take in Beere :
For, Christmas comes but once a yeare:
And then they shall be merry.

Good Farmours, in the Countrey, nurse
The poore, that elswhere vndone.
Some Land-lords, spend their money worse
On Lust, and Pride at London.

There, the Roysters they doe play ;
Drabb and Dice their Landt away,
Which may be ours, another day :
And therefore lets be merry.

The Clyent now his suit forbears,
The Prisoners hear, is eased.
The Debtor drinks away his cares,
And, for the time is pleased.

Though others Purses be more fat,
Why should we pine or griue at that?
Hang sorrow, care will kill a Cat.
And therefore lets be merry.

6 Harke, how the Wagges, abrode doe call
Each other soorth to rambling.
Anon, youle see them in the Hall,
For Nutts, and Apples scrambling.

Harke, how the Roofes with laughters sound!
Annon they'l thinke the house goes round:
For, they the Sellars depth haue found.
And, there they will be merry.

The VVenches with their Waffell-Bowles,
About the Streets are singing:
The Boyes are come to catch the Owles,
The Wild-mare, in is bringing.

Our Kitchin-Boy hath broke his Boxe,
And, to the dealing of the Oxe,
Our honest neighbours come by flocks,
And, here, they will be merry.

Now,

Now Kings and Queenes, poore Sheep-cotes haue,
And mate with euery body :

The honest, now, may play the knaue,
And wise men play, at Noddy.

Some Youths will now a Mumming goe;

Some others play at Rowland-hoe,

And, twenty other Gameboyes moe :

Because they will be merry.

Then wherefore in these merry daies,
Should we I pray, be duller ?

No; let vs sing some Roundclayes,
To make our mirth the fuller.

And, whilst thus inspir'd we sing,

Let all the Streets with ecchoes ring:

Woods, and Hills, and euery thing,

Beare witnesse we are merry.

An Epitaph vpon the Porter
of a PRISON.

HEre lye the bones of him, that was of late,
A Churlish Porter of a Prison gate.

Death many an euening at his lodging knockt,
 But could not take him, for the dore was lockt :
 Yet at a Tauerne late one night he found him,
 And getting him, into the seller, drownd him.
 On which, the world (that stil the worst is thinking)
 Reports abroad, that he was kild with drinking :
 Yet let no Prisoner, whether Thiefe or Debtor
 Reioyce, as if his fortune were the better ;
 Their sorrows likely to benere the shorter,
 The *Warden* lines, though death hath took the *Porter*.

*A Sonnet vpon a stolne
 Kisse.*

NOW gentle sleepe, hath closed vp those eyes,
 Which waking, kept my boldest thoughts in
 And free access vnto that sweet lip, lies, (awe:
 From whence I long the rosie breath to draw.
 Me thinkes no wrong it were, if I should steale
 From those two melting Rubies, one poore kisse :
 None sees the theft, that would the thiefe reueale,
 Nor rob I her of ought, which she can misse :
 Nay, should I twenty kisses take away,
 There would be little signe I had done so :
 Why then should I this robbery delay ?
 Oh ! she may wake, and therewith angry grow.
 Well, if she do, Ile back restore that one,
 And twenty hundred thousand more for lone.

*An Epitaph vpon Abram Good-
fellow, a common Alehouse-
hunter.*

BEware, thou looke not who here vnder lies,
Vnlesse thou long to weepe away thine eyes.
This man (as sorrowfull report doth tell vs)
Was, when he liu'd, the Prince of all Goodfellows.
That day he dide, it cannot be belieu'd,
How out of reason, all the *Alewives* grieu'd,
And what abominable lamentation
They made at *Black-boy*, and at *Salutation*;
They hould and cride, and euer more among,
This was the burthen of their wofull Song:
Well, goe thy wayes, thy like hath neuer been,
No shall thy match againe be euer scene:
For out of doubt now thou art dead and gone,
Theres many a Tap house will be quite vndone,
And Death by taking thee, did them more skath,
Then yet the Ale-house *prosect* done them hath.

Loe, such a one but yesterday was he,
But now he much is alterd, you do see.
Since he came hither, he hath left his ryot,
Yea, changed both his company and dyet,
And now so ciuill lies; that to your thinking,
He neither for an Ale-house cares, nor drinking.

*An Epitaph vpon a Gentlewoman,
who had fore-told the Time of
her death.*

Her, who beneath this stone, consuming lyes,
For many Virtues we might memorize.
But, most of all, the praise deserueth shee,
In making of her *Words*, and *Deeds* agree.
For, shee so truely kept the *Word* shee spake,
As that with Death, she promise would not breake.
I shall (quoth she) be dead, before the midd
Of such a Month. And, as she said, she did.

*An Epitaph, on a Child, Sonne to
Sir W. H. Knight.*

Here lyes, within a Cabinet of stone,
The deare remainder of a *Pretty-one*.
Who did in wit, his yeares so farre out-passe,
His parents Wonder, and their Ioy he was.
And, by his face, you might haue deemed him,
To be on earth some heavenly *Cherubim*.
Six yeares with life he labor'd. Then deceast,
To keepe the *Sabbath* of eternall rest.

So,

So; that, which many thousand able men,
Are lab'ring for, till threescore yeares and ten.
This blessed *Childe* attained to, er'e seauen;
And, now enioyes it with the Saints of Heauen.

A Song.

Now Young-man, thy dayes and thy glories appeare,
Like Sun-shine and blossomes in Spring of the yeare.
Thy vigour of body, thy spirits, thy wit,
Are perfect and sound, and vntroubled yet.

Now then, oh, now then, if safetie thou loue.
Mind thou, oh mind thou, thy Maker aboute.

*Mispend not a morning, so excellent cleare,
Nener (for euer) was happinesse here.
Thy noone-tyde of life hath but little delight,
And sorrowes on sorrowes will follow at night.*

Now then, oh, now then, &c.
Mind thou, oh mind thou, &c.

*That Strength, & those Beauties that grace thee to day,
To morrow, may perish, and vanto away.
Thy Wealth, or thy Pleasures, or Friends that now be,
May waste, or deceiue, or be traitors to thee.*

Now then, oh now then, &c.
Mind thou, oh mind thou, &c.

Thy ioynts are yet nimble, thy sinewes vnslacke.
And marrow vnwasted, doth strengthen thy backe.
Thy Youth from diseases preserueth the braine;
And blood with free passage, plumps eu'ry vaine.
Now then, oh now then, &c.
Mind thou, oh mind thou, &c.

But (trust me) it will not for euer be so;
Those Armes that are mightie, shall feebler grow.
And those Legs, so proudly supporting thee, now,
With Age, or Diseases, will stagger and bow.
Now then, oh now then, &c.
Mind thou, oh mind thou, &c.

Then, all those rare Features, now gracefull in thee;
Shall (plough'd with Times furrowes) quite ruined be.
And they, who admired, and lou'd thee so much,
Shall loath, or forget thou hadst euer been such.
Now then, oh now then, &c.
Mind thou, oh mind thou, &c.

Those tresses of Haire, which thy youth doe adorne,
Will looke like the Meads in a Winterly morne.
And, where red and white intermixed did grow,
Dull palenesse, a deadly complexion will shew.
Now then, oh now then, &c.
Mind thou, oh mind thou, &c.

That Forhead imperious, whereon we now view,
A smoothe nesse, and whiteneffe enameld with blew,

Will

*Will lose that perfection, which Youth now maintaines,
And change it for hollownesse, wrinkles, and stains.*

Now then, oh now then, &c.

Mind thou, oh mind thou, &c.

*Those Eares, thou with Musick didst oft entertaine,
And charme with so many a delicate Straine;
May misse of those pleasures, wherewith they are fed,
And neuer heare Song more, when youth is once fled.*

Now then, oh now then, &c.

Mind thou, oh mind thou, &c.

*Those Eyes, which so many, so much did admire,
And with strange affections set thousands on fire:
Shut up in that darkenesse, which Age will constrain,
Shall neuer see mortall; no, neuer againe.*

Now then, oh now then, &c.

Mind thou, oh mind thou, &c.

*Those Lips, whereon Beautie, so fully discloses,
The colour and sweetnesse of Rubies, and Roses;
Instead of that hue, will gashlinesse weare,
And none shall beleue, what perfection was there.*

Now then, oh now then, &c.

*Thy Teeth, that stood firmly, like Pearles in a row,
Shall rotten, and scatterd disorderly grow:
The Mouth, whose proportion earths-womans was thought,
Shall rob'd of that sweetnesse, be prized at naught.*

Now then, oh now then, &c.

*That Gate, and those Gestures, that win thee such grace,
Will turne to a feeble and staggering pace.*

*And thou, that or'e mountaines ranst nimble to day;
Shalt stumble at every rubb in the way.*

Now then, oh now then, &c.

Mind then, oh mind then, &c.

*By these imperfections, old age will preuaile,
Thy marrow, thy sinewes, and spirits will fayle.*

*And nothing is left thee, when those are once spent,
To give or thy selfe; or another, content.*

Now then, oh now then, &c.

Mind thou, oh mind thou, &c.

*Those Fancies that lull thee, with Dreames of delight,
Will trouble thy quiet, the comfortlesse night.*

*And thou, that now sleepest thy troubles away,
Shalt heare, how each Cockrell gives warning of day.*

Now then, oh now then, &c.

Mind thou, oh mind thou, &c.

*Then, Thou, that art yet unto thousands so deare,
Of all soul: despisd, or neglected appeare.*

*Which, when thou perceinst (though now pleasant it be)
Thy life will be grievous and loathsome to thee.*

Now then, oh now then, &c.

Mind thou, oh mind thou, &c.

*That lust, which thy youth can so hardly forgoe,
Will leave thee; and leave thee, repentance, and woe.*

And

*And then, in thy folly no joy thou canst haue,
Nor hope other rest, then a comfortlesse graue.*

Now then, oh now then, &c.

Mind thou, oh mind thou, &c.

*For, next shall thy Breatb be quite taken away,
Thy Flesh turn'd to dust, and that dust turn'd to clay;
And, those thou hast loned, and soare of thy store,
Shall leaue thee, forget thee, and mind thee no more.*

Now then, oh, now then, &c.

Mind thou, oh mind thou, &c.

*And yet, if in time thou remember not this,
The slenderest part of thy sorrow it is:
Thy Soule to a torture, more fearefull shall mend,
Hath euer, and euer, and neuer an end.*

Now then, oh, now then, if safetie thou loue.

Mind thou, oh mind thou, thy Maker aboute.

A Dreame.

W*hen bright Phæbus at his rest,
Was reposed in the West,
And the cherefull day-light gone,
Drew unwelcome darknesse on;
Night, her blacknesse, wraps about me,
And, within, 'twas as without me.*

P

There.

Therefore, on my tumbled bedd,
Downe I laid my troubled head:
Where, mine eyes inur'd to care,
Seldome vsd to slumbring were.

Yet, or'ery'd of late, with weeping;
Then, by chance, they fell a sleeping.

But, such Visions me diseas'd,
As in vaine, that sleepe I ceaz'd:
For, I sleeping Fancies had,
VVhich, yet waking, make me sad.

Some, can sleepe away their sorrow;
But, mine doubles, euery morrow.

Walking to a pleasant Grone,
(VVhere, I vsd to thinke of Loue)
I, me thought, a place did view,
VVherein Flora's riches grew.

Primerose, Hyacinth, and Lillies,
Cowslips, Vyllets, Daffodillies.

There, a Fountaine, close beside,
I, a matchlesse Beautie spide.
So she lay, as if she slept:
But, much grieve, her waking kept.

And

And, she had no softer pillow,
Then the hard root of a Willow.

Downe her Cheekes, the teares did flow,
(Which a greened heart did show)
Her faire eyes, the earth beholding,
And, her armes themselves enfolding;
Shee, her passion to betoken,
Sigh'd, as if her heart were broken.

So much griefe, me thought she shew'd,
That my sorrow it renew'd:
But, when neerer her I went,
It encreast my discontent.
For a gentle Nymph shee prooved,
Who, me (long unknowne) had loved.

Streight, on me shee fixt her looke;
Which, a deepe impression tooke.
And, of all that line (quoth shee)
Thou art welcomme to me.
Then (misdaubting to be blamed)
Thus, she spake, as halfe ashamed.

Thee, unknowne, I long affected,
And, as long, in vaine expected.

For, I had a hopesfull thought,
Thou wouldst craue, what others sought;
And I, for thy sake, haue staid,
Many wanton Springs, a Maid.

Still, when any wooed me,
They renewd, the thought of thee:
And, in hope thou wouldst haue tride
Their Affections, I denide.

But, a Louer, forc't upon me,
By my Friends, hath now undone me.

What, I waking dar'd not show,
In a Dreame, thou now dost know:

But, to better my estate;
Now, alas, it is too late.

And, I both awake, and sleeping,
Now, consume my Youth in weeping.

Somewhat then, I would haue sayd;
But, replyings were denyd.
For, me thought, when speake I would,
Not a word bring forth I could.

And, as I a kisse was taking;
That I lost to, by awaking.

Cer-

*Certaine Verses written to his
louing Friend, vpon his
departure.*

SWIFT *Time*, that will by no entreaty stay,
Is now gone by, and summons me away.
And, what my griefe, denies my tongue to doe,
My true affection drines my pen vnto.
Deare Heart; that day, and that sad houre is come,
In which, thy face, I must be banisht from:
And goe to liue, where (peradventure) we
Hereafter must, for aye, deuided be.

For, twixt our bodies, which now close are met,
A thousand Hills and Vallies shall be set;
A thousand Groues, a thousand weeping Springs,
And many thousand other enuious things,
Which, when we are departed, keepe vs may.
From comming nearer, till our dying day.

So these our hands, which thus each other touch;
Shall neuer after this time doe so much.
Nor shall these eyes, which yet themselues delight,
(with mutuall gazing on each other light)
Be euer raysed vp againe, so neare,
To view each other in their proper spheare.
Nor ere againe, through those their Christall orbes,
Reade what sad passion, our poore hearts disturbs.

Which when we think vpon, we scarce containe,
Their swelling Floud-gates; but a pearly raine

Drops frō those plenteous Springs: & forth are sent
From those sad dungeons, where our harts are pent,
So many sighes; that, in our parting, now,
A storme of Passions we must venture through.
Whose fury, I would stay to see ore-past
Before I went, in spite of all my hast,
But that, I view some tokens, which fore-tell,
That by delay, the Floods will higher swell;
And, whilst to be diuided, we are both,
Wich some worse perill, ouerwhelme vs both,

Oh! rather let vs wisely vndergoe
A sorrow, that will daily lesser grow;
Then venture on a pleasing mischiese, which
Will vnawares, our honest hearts bewitch:
And bring vs to such passe (at last) that we
Shall nere perceiue it, till vndone we be.

I find your loue; and so the same approue,
That I shall cuer loue you, for that loue.
And, am so couctous of such deare pelfe,
That, for it, I could giue away my selfe.
And yet, I rather would go pine, and die,
For want thereof; then live till you, or I,
Should giue, or take, one dram of that delight
Which is anothers; and so, marre out-right
Our most vnstained affection: which, hath yet
No inclination vnto ill, in it.

Nay (though it more vn sufferable were)
I would, eu'n that iust liberty forbear
Which honest friendship is allow'd to take:
If I percein'd, it me vnapt did make,

To

To master my affections; or to goe
On those affaires, that Reason calls me to.

Those Parents that discreet in louing be,
When on their new-borne child a Wen they see,
Which may (perchance) in aftertime, disgrace
The sweete proportion of a louely face;
(Although it wound their soules to heare the mone,
And see the tortures of their *pritty one*)
To weep a little, rather are content,
Whil't he endures the Surgeons Instrument;
Then suffer that soule blemish there, to spread;
Vntill his face be quite disfigured.

So, we betwixt whose soules, there is begot
That sweet Babe, Friendship; must beware, no spot
Through our indulgent indiscretion grow,
That may the beauty of our loue ore-throw:
Let's rather beare a little discontent;
And learne of Reason, those things to preuent
Which marre affection. That our friendship may
Wax firmer, and more louely eu'ry Day.

There is, indeed, to gentle hearts, no smarting,
That is more torment to them, then departing
From those they loue. And doubtlesse, if that we
Were so vnited, as the married be;
Our bodies at our parture, would be so,
As if each of them, but a soule forgoe.

But, in our flesh, we are, and must remaine
Perpetuall strangers: and our selues containe
From that embrace, which marriage loue allowes:
Or else, I iniure virtue; you, your vowes.

And, for a short vnworthy pleasure, marre
Those rich contentments, which eternall are
Of which, I am in hope, that, alwaies we
Should in each others presence guiltlesse be
But in our absence (sure I am) we shall
Not onely still be innocent of all,
That simple folly, and that over-sight,
To which, our (many frailties tempt vs might:
But, by this meanes shall also scape the blot,
Wherwith it tounge our names would seek to spot.

Which if you feare, and would auoyd the wrongs
That may befall you by malicious tongues,
Then seeke my absence: for I haue in that
Vnto my friends, been too vnfortunate:
Yet, as I loue faire-virtue, there is no man
Ere heard me boast the fauours of a woman
To her dishonour; neither (by my soule)
Was I ere guiltie of an Act so foule,
As some imagine. Neither doe I know
That woman yet, with whom I might be so;
For neuer kindnesse to me were shew'd,
Which I dar'd thinke, for euill end bestow'd.
Nor euer, to this present houre, did I
Turne friendship, fauour, opportunitie,
(Or ought vouchsafe me) thereby to acquire
Those wicked ends which wantons doe desire.
For, whensoever lust began to flame,
It was extinguisht, by true loue, and shame.

But, what would this my innocence preuaile,
When your faire Name, should assayle

And

And how abhor'd should I hereafter be,
If you should suffer infamy by me?
You feare it not one halfe so much you say,
As you are loth I should depart away:
And hap what will, you thinke to be content,
Whilst I am here; and you still innocent.
Indeed, those friends approue I not, which may
By euery slanderous tongue be talkt away:
But yet, I like not him that will not stroue,
As much as in him lyeth, free to liue,
From giuing iust occasions of offence:
For, else he vainely braggs of innocence.
And so doe we, vnlesse, that without blame
We purpose with our loue, to keepe our fame.

Then, let vs pleased part; and though the dearenes
Of our affection, conets both a nearenes
In *mind* and *body*; let vs willingly
Beget a Virtue of necessitie.
And, since we must compelled be to line,
By time and place diuided; let vs stroue
In the despight of time and distance, so
That loue of virtue may more perfect grow:
And that this seperation, we lament,
May make our meeting fuller of content.

Betwixt our bodies (this Ile not deny)
There is a deare respectiue sympathy;
Which makes vs mutually both ioy, and grieue
As there is cause. And farther, I belieue,
That our contentment is imperfect, till
They haue each other in possession still:

But

But, that which in vs two, I *Loue*, dare name,
Is twixt our Soules; and such a powerfull flame,
As nothing shall extinguish nor obscure,
Whilst their eterna ll substance, doth endure:
No, not our absence; nor that mightie space,
Betwixt my home, and your abiding place.

For, ere your Eyes, my eyes had euer scene;
When many thousand furlongs lay betweene,
Our vnknowne bodies: And before that you
Had scene my face, or thought the same to view,
You most entirely loued me (you say) (way,
Which shewes our soules had then found out the
To know each other: And vnscene of vs,
To make our bodies meet vnthought of, thus,

Then; much lesse now, shall hill, or dale, or grone,
Or, that great tract of ground which must remoue
My body from you: there, my soule confine,
To keepe it backe from yours; or yours from mine.
Nay, being more acquainted then they were,
And actiue spirits, that can any where
Within a moment meet. They to and fro,
Will euery minute to each other go
And, we shall loue, with that deare loue, wherein
Will neither be offence, nor cause of sinne.

Yea, whereas carnall loue, is euer colder,
As youth decayes; and as the flesh growes older:
And, when the body is dissolued, must
Be buried with obliuion in the dust,
We, then shall dearer grow: and this our loue,
Which now imperfect is, shall perfect proue,

For

For, theres no mortall power can rob true Friends,
Of that which noblest Amitie attends.
Nor any seperation that is able,
To make the virtuous *Louers* miserable.
Since, when disasters threaten most deiection;
Their, *Goodnesse* maketh strongest their affection.
And, that which works in others loues, deniall;
In them, more noble makes it, by the triall.

Tis true; that whē we part, we know not whether
These bodies shall, for euer, meet together;
As you haue said. Yet, wherefore should we grieue,
Since, we a better meeting doe belieue?
If we did also know, that when we die,
This louē, should perish euerlastingly.
And that we must as brutish creatures do,
Lose with our bodies, all our dearnesse to:
Our seperation, then, a sorrow were,
Which mortall heart had neuer power to beare.
And we should faint and die, to thinke vpon
The passions would be felt, when I were gone.
But, seeing in the soule, our loue is plac't;
And (seeing) soules of death shall neuer tast:
No Death can end our loue. Nay; when we dye,
Our sou'es (that now in chaines and fetters lie)
Shall meet more freely, to pertake that ioy,
Compar'd to which, our friendship's but a toy.
And, for each bitterness, in this our loue,
We shall a thousand sweet contentments prone.
Meane while; we, that (together living) may
Through humane weaknesses be led astray:

And

(And vnawares, make that affection foule,
Which virtue yet keeps blamelesse in the soule)
By Absence shall preserved be, as cleane,
As to be kept (in our best thoughts) wee meane.
And, in our Prayers for each other, shall
Giue, and receiue more kindnesse, then all
The world can yeeld vs. And, when other men
Whose loue is carnall, are tormented, when
Death calls them hence : because they robbed be
Of all their hope (for euermore) to see
The object of their Loue : we shall auoid,
That bitter anguish wherewith they are cloyd.
And, whensoe'er it happens, thou, or I,
Shall feele the time approaching vs to dye;
It shall not grieue vs at our latest breath,
To mind each other on the bed of death:
(Because of any oversight, or sinne,
Whereof we guiltie in our soules haue bin)
Nor will death feare vs, cause we shall perceiue
That these contentments, which we had not leaue
To take now we are liuing; shall be gaine,
Wher our imprison'd soules shall be vnchaind,
Nay rather wish to dye, we might possesse
The sweet fruition of that happinesse,
Which we shall then receiue, in the perfection
Of Him, that is the fulnesse of Affection.

If Time preuented not, I had in store
To comfort thee, so many Reasons more,
That thou wouldst leaue to grieue; although we
Each others persons neuer more behold. (should
But,

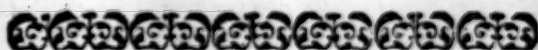
But, there is hope. And then, that know you may,
True *Friends* can in their absence find the way.
To compasse their contentments, whom they loue:
You shall ere long, the powre it hath, approue.
Meane while, you still are deare: yea, liue or dye,
My soule shall loue you euerlastingly.
And howsoere, there seeme such cause of sorrow;
Yet, those that part, and thinke to meet to morrow,
Death may diuide to night; And, as before,
Their *Feare* was lesse, their *Griefe* will be the more.
Since therefore, whether far I liue, or nigh,
There is in meeting an vncertaintie.
Let vs, for that which surest is, prouide.
Part like those *Friends*, whom nothing can diuide:
And, since we *Louers* first became, that we,
Might to our power each others comfort be:
Let's not the sweetnesse of our loue destroy;
But, turne these weepings into teares of ioy.
On which condition, I doe giue thee, this;
To be both *Mine*, and *Sorrowes* parting-kisse.

PHILARETE.

FINIS.

But, there is hope. And then, how many
The friends can in their absence find the way.
To compass their contentment, when they lose
You shall ere long, the power is left, appear.
Meanwhile, you still are dear, yet, that is
My love shall love you everlastingly.
And how long, there seems such pain of sorrow,
Yet, hold that power, and think to meet tomorrow.
I am a very child to night; And, as before,
Their friends will tell, that I will be the more.
Since therefore, whether for a day or night,
There is in nature an unchangeable
Let us, for that which shall be said,
I am like those friends, who nothing can divide
And since we are not still the same, that we
Bliss to our power each of our contentment
Let not the sweetness of our love be lost
But since the love is so great, and so true,
On which condition, I do give this
To be both to me, and to you, putting life.

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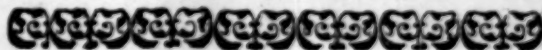


The Stationers Postscript.

THere bee three or foure Songs in this Poeme
aforegoing, which were stolen from the Au-
thour, and heeretofore impertinently imprinted in
an imperfect and erronious Copie, foolishly intit-
led His Workes; which the Stationer hath there
falsely affirmed to bee Corrected and Augmented
for his owne Advantage; and without the said Au-
thours knowledge, or respect to his credit. If ther-
fore you haue seene them formerly in those counter-
fet Impressions, let it not be offensine that you finde
them againe in their proper places; and in the
Poeme to which they appertaine.

Vale.

I. M.



The Stationer's Police

I come to you, my dear friend,
 to tell you that I am
 now in the city of
 London, and I am
 very glad to hear
 that you are well.
 I am, my dear friend,
 your affectionate
 friend,
 J. H.

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